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No. 360

#### UNCOUNTED BLESSINGS.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

I sometimes tire of making vain endeavor,
For things I never win, though sought so long,
And wonder if my plans must fail forever,
And minor chords creep into life's low song,
Until my heart is heavy with its sorrow,
As things beyond me, always far away,
Keep beckoning on, and whispering—"To-m
row!"

But never hold the music of "To-day!"

The things just out of reach seem always fairer
Than any things to-day can have and hold.
To-morrow's sunshine will be brighter, rarer—
And so we miss the present hour's gold.
To-day we lose in dreams of the to-morrow,
And when to-morrow comes, the heart will lay
Plans for the future, thinking o'er in sorrow
The squandered blessings of the yesterday.

We lose the little joys of life forever In thinking of the far-off unatteined, And by and by, when fainting hope says "Never," For what we've missed, life's long regret is gain-

ed.

If we could take life's blessings as we find them,
Making the most of bright or cloudy days,
Departing, they would leave content behind them,
And vague unrest be banished from our ways.

# Winning Ways:

KITTY ATHERTON'S HEART,

BY MARGARET BLOUNT.

CHAPTER IV. BETWEEN TWO HEARTS. "Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
I know you proud to bear your name,
Your pride is yet no mate for mine.

\* \* \* \* \*
"Nor would I break for your sweet sake,
A heart that dotes on truer charms;
A simple maiden in her flower,
Is worth a hundred coats of arms."

The letter which was to bring Mr. Oliver "to his senses" was duly written that night, and sent to the "Bell Iun" the next morning by the trusty hand of the hostler at Stoney Cross. Mr. Oliver was still asleep. The chambermaid dared not knock at his door until she was summoned by him, so the man returned without an answer. Miss Marchmont sat in her breakfast-parlor awaiting him. When he had told his tale, her face darkened over like a wintry sky.

"Tell them to get me a carriage, quick!" she exclaimed; "I wish to get away within ten minutes. Don't stand staring there, but hurry the horses, and tell them to make out the bill."

The man obeyed with a stupid gaze of won--TENNYSON

The man obeyed with a stupid gaze of won-

Miss Marchmont's silk dress rustled stormily as she ran up to her chamber, and with her own hands gathered together her "belongings," and crammed them into the small trunk she had and crammed their fine was shall shall be brought with her. Generally speaking, she was a most orderly person; tidiness with her was nearly a disease, and the sight of a crowded drawer, or a toilet-table, whose appurtenances were not laid down by plummet and rule, almost made her ill. But now she scarcely seemriding habit, spurs, boots, and whip were crammed into the box beside black moire antiques, lutestrings, and velvety jackets; the diamond studs she sometimes wore found a place in her box of pens; her Maltese lace collars and chembox of pens; her mattess have contars and chemisettes were rolled up like a bundle of rags, and stuffed into a vacant corner, and she herself seemed perfectly unconscious all the while of the wild confusion she was making. Forcing down the lid of the trunk, she locked it, and rung for a servant to carry it away; then, putting on her hat and cloak, she snatched up her gloves and returned to the parlor. In ten minutes more she had settled the bill, bidden her landlady

and returned to the parlor. In ten minutes more she had settled the bill, bidden her landlady good-by, and was riding away toward Lyndhurst Station as fast as the pony-chaise could carry her. What could she have expected, what had she failed to find, that she was thrown into such a fever of impatient excitement?

That morning she fancied she had made a fool of herself. She had written, according to promise, to Mr. Oliver, mentioning her adventure with "County Guy," and begging him, if his own heart was not engaged in the pursuit of the rustic beauty, to relinquish it in the young farmer's favor. It was an awkward task for her to undertake, and she had made the matter worse by an allusion to herself, which she fancied it must be impossible for him to mistake. What madness dictated the words she could not tell—but they had been written and would be read—and they amounted to no less than a tacit confession of her preference for him. Had that message found him awake—had he translated it rightly, and believed in the truth of his own translation, how much suffering might have been spared them both!

might have been spared them both!

As it was, her face burned with blushes during her rapid ride, although she was alone. She had forfeited her own self-respect, and that was bitter—she had richly earned his contempt, and that was more bitter still. Restless, irritable, wild with the pangs of wounded love and wounded pride, she chafed over her mistake like a caged lioness, and scarcely drew a free breath till she was safe that night in her London home. There, with the letters that arrived during her absence, the housekeeper's report, and the proofs of her book, which was just passing through the press, she managed to forget for a time what she had

The letter which had disturbed her so deeply was given to Mr. Oliver at the breakfast-table, by the rosy-cheeked servant who waited on him. He was busy with the morning paper when she laid it down, and not till he had glançed through all the columns, and duly digested the leading articles, did he break its seal.

A vivid color suffused his face as he saw the firm clear writing, and the signature upon the

firm, clear writing, and the signature upon the last page. He read the first words with an imlast page. He read the first words with an impatient pshaw! Actually smiled over the description of William Hill's troubles, and murmured to himself that it was a bit of Miss Marchmont's "pathetic line of business;" but came at last up-on a passage that made him pause and look



Kitty's little hands bathing his throbbing temples-Kitty's dark eyes fixed upon him with such watchful love.

"You have many acquaintances in London who are certainly able to interest and amuse you, if you cannot interest and amuse yourself; you have, in me, an earnest and sincere friend, whose home is always open to receive you, whose heart is always ready to give you sympathy and kindness, if you claim it. Our pursuits, our interests, and our tastes are the same—we have, I hope, the same professional end in view—we can help each other, counsel each other, guide each other, do each other good. Can you not, then, for the sake of such a friendability, renounce a fleeting fancy—go back to your pleasant author life, and make this poor man happy in the home and in the way he is longing happy in the home and in the way he is longing to the farmer's noonday meal. Alas! poor Kitty! you are, by no means, the first of your sex whom circumstances and a man have made an utter fool.

The brown cob galloped steadily on. Beside the Forest brook, its rider drew rein for a few moments, and sat lost in a reverie, with his eyes fixed upon the bank where Olive Marchmont had stood on the previous afternoon. The old strange sense of loss and bereavement came over him, and he felt that he was right, as he rode on toward her temporary home, to ask the appy in the home and in the way he is longing

There was little else in the letter to attract his attention; he hurried it through, and then returned to those sentences which might mean so much or so little—those sentences which poor Olive, driving through the Forest at that moment on her way to town, would have given worlds never to have written.

"A friend whose home is always open to me, whose heart is always ready to give me symme.

whose heart is always ready to give me sympathy and kindness," he mused. "Why, a wife could do no more! 'If I claim it!" Is that a chalcould do no more! 'If I claim it!' Is that a challenge—a hint—a mental beckoning with her fairy hand, I wonder? It would not be a bad thing for me. She has a fortune, a house in town, good horses, she gives capital dinners, and one is sure to meet in her rooms all the celebrities of the day. She is a clever authoress, and will be a famous one yet; and I think she cares for me! On the other hand, to counterbalance all this, she is not pretty; her best friends could not tell her that! She is not graceful, she is not accomplished, she will dress herself eternally in black, and she has none of those little womanly ways and weaknesses which I admire; she is too independent, too capable of taking care of herself. Nothing of the vine about her—she will grow on her own ground, or not at all!"

He spread out her note before him, and smiled He spread out her note before him, and smiled

Look at that waste of ink and energy! She "Look at that waste of the and energy, the writes as if she were making a charge with cavalry. I wonder the pen does not go through the paper. How different from Kitty's little pothooks and hangers. Dear child—she spelt 'affectionate' with one 'f' last night, and yet I could not find it in my heart to tell her of the

He glanced kindly at the little blue and gold edition of "Moore's Poems" which Kitty had given him at his urgent request, just before he had left her on the previous evening. He turned to the title-page and read again:

FRANCIS OLIVER, Esq., With the affectionate regards

his little friend, KITTY ATHERTON.

Side by side they were lying—the girl's uncertain scrawl, the woman's firm, decided handwriting. And Mr. Oliver was looking first at writing. And Mr. Oliver was looking first at one and then at the other, with a puzzled, unde-cided face that was good to see. "Like the famous ass between two bundles of

hay!" he said at last, with a scornful smile; "I cannot tell which I love. Is it Kitty, with her sweet young face, and artless ways; or is it Miss Marchmont, the friend who is ready to give me sympathy and kindness when I claim it? She shall decide. I will go and ask her this its reservative, before she returns to London:

give me sympathy and kindness when I calm it? She shall decide. I will go and ask her this very morning, before she returns to London; and if she accepts me, Kitty, my pretty Kitty, I must even give you back to William Hill!" He rung the bell, and having made a careful toilet, mounted the young landlord's brown cob, which was always at his service, and rode away toward Stoney Cross. The broad highway was before him, but he chose to take the Forest Road, and passing by the cottage where Kitty was busy at work, lifted his hat to her, and bent almost to his saddle-bow as he galloped by. The silly little thing ran straightway up to her chamber, all blushing and trembling, and from the latticed window watched him till he was out of sight. The small simpleton actually thought that he had ridden by for the express purpose of seeing her; and a vision of a galloppurpose of seeing her; and a vision of a galloping steed, and a handsome, stately rider, filled her head all the morning, to the sad detriment

sex whom circumstances and a man have made an utter fool.

The brown cob galloped steadfly on. Beside the Forest brook, its rider drew rein for a few moments, and sat lost in a reverie, with his eyes fixed upon the bank where Olive Marchmont had stood on the previous afternoon. The old strange sense of loss and bereavement came over him, and he felt that he was right, as he rode on toward her temporary home, to ask the question which should forever unite or forever separate their two destinies.

"Kitty," he said, "may I come in for a little willed. It feel tired, and lonely, and ill."

"he bright face softened.
"Oh, yes—if you please. Aunt Sarah is here but you won't mind her?"
"Not at all. Can we send the horse back to the inn?"
"Father will take it when he goes to him work. Pray, come in, sir."
He obeyed. Mrs. Brown greeted him warm ly—so did the old farmer. His horse was let away, and he himself was established near the

question which should forever unite or forever separate their two destinies.

Ah! how comically sad, how ludicrously pathetic are these crosses in life! Here was the knight, ready and eager to make his vows at the lady's shrine; and the lady herself, frightened, and ashamed, and repentant at the unsought encouragement she had already given, was flying the country at the rate of twenty miles an hour, little dreaming that the words she would have given her ears to hear, were she would have given her ears to hear, were trembling on the tip of her lover's tongue. I could find it in my heart to laugh at Mr. Oliver, as he sits there, mute and grave, listening to the bar-maid's story of "how the lady flewed up-stairs all of a sudden, packed up her things her own self, and was off in a jiffy, leaving them

all in a flustration, like."
"That will do, thank you," said Mr. Oliver, at last; and putting a piece of silver in her hand, he rode away again. Where? He scarcely knew or cared at that moment; but the brown cob, like a wise beastie, struck into the road that led toward home.

> CHAPTER V. A SAD, BRAVE GOOD-BY. Take this kiss upon the brow! And in parting from you now, Thus much let me avow: Thus much let me avow:
> You are not wrong, who deem
> That my days have been a dream;
> Yet if hope has flown away
> In a night, or in a day,
> In a vision, or in none,
> Is it, therefore, the less gone?
> All that we see or seem
> Is but a dream within a dream."

-EDGAR A. POE. "DUPED—foiled—laughed at once again!" was Mr. Oliver's mental comment on the tale he had heard at Stoney Cross. "It was a trap, of course, set for me by Miss Marchmont—a trap course, set for me by Miss Marchmont—a trap for my vanity, and I was too blind to see it. How she will laugh when she hears how eagerly I caught at the bait! By Jove! I can't bear that. I must show her that I am not the idiot she takes me to be. And there is but one way of doing that. I must marry; I must take no flirting city belle to make a further laughing-stock of her literary husband. I must have some one who will love me dearly—who will give me the first freshness of an untried life—an untried heart. I should be madder than a March hare if I looked for such a thing in London: the search would be as hopeless as that of March hare if I looked for such a thing in London: the search would be as hopeless as that of Diogenes with his lantern. But Kitty—God bless her!—Kitty can give me all I ask; and she shall. And so, Miss Marchmont, adien!"

He waved his hand, as if in farewell, and burst into the refrain:

"He turned him right and round about, Upon the Irish shore, With adieu forevermore, my love, Adieu forevermore."

But it died upon his lips, and he rode toward the cottage in a silent mood.

Kitty was watching again at the open window. There is something passing sweet in being watched and waited for; and how her face brightened as she saw him ride up to the gate! She was down before he had time to dismount, are sized the limit of the same than with a weet that some the same than the same t gazing at him with eyes that spoke the sweetest flattery. Dinner was just over, and she had dressed herself for the afternoon in her pretty dressed herself for the attended in her pretty pink print, with a clean collar and a rose in her dark hair. Mr. Oliver looked at her wist-fully. Her artless welcome, her unaffected joy, her undisguised admiration, fell like soothing

baant upon his wounded pride—his actuing heart.

"Kitty," he said, "may I come in for a little while? I feel tired, and lonely, and ill."

The bright face softened.

"Oh, yes—if you please. Aunt Sarah is here; but you won't mind her?"

"Not at all. Can we send the horse back to the inn?"

the inn?"

"Father will take it when he goes to his

y—so did the old farmer. His horse was leavy, and he himself was established near th away, and he himself was established near the window, in the arm-chair, with a pillow smoothed by Kitty's hands behind his aching head. Now and then he closed his eyes, and the little forest brook, and the tall figure of Miss Marchmont, rose before him. He opened them, and lo! the little garden outside, with its late blooming flowers, and small holly tree; and, within, the cheerful fire, the tidy room, the anxious, kindly faces—all for him. Kitty's soft voice in his ear—Kitty's little hands bathing his throbbing temples—Kitty's dark eyes fixed upon him with such watchful love. Ah Miss Marchmont! are you already forgotten? and was the wound you gave a mere pin-prick and was the wound you gave a mere pin-prick to vanity, not a deadly stab at the beating

It would seem so; for the afternoon passed away, and yet he made no attempt to go. He shared their evening-meal, and sat talking with the old man afterward, as quiety, as if he had been one of the usual family-circle. Kitty listened, speaking seldom, but looking very happy. But when Mrs. Brown went away to her own home, and Mr. Oliver drew his chair a little nearer to Kitty's, and began to talk to her, another visitor made his appearance, who startled them both unaccountably. Why? It was only William Hill, and Mr. Oliver was asking a simple question about the sewing of a It would seem so: for the afternoon passed

was only William Hill, and Mr. Oliver was asking a simple question about the sewing of a seam—nothing more—nothing that need have made them both blush so furiously.

They did blush, however, and William Hill saw it distinctly. The young men greeted each other coldly. Some wild idea of out-staying the new-comer seemed for a time to possess Mr. Oliver's mind, but he thought better of it at least each took run his het to go. The farmer last, and took up his hat to go. The farmer accompanied him to the gate, and as he stood watching outside for a few moments after the old man had said good-night, he had the felicity of seeing two shadows on the white blind—two shadows, and so very close together! A sharp and went—then he

pang of jealousy came and went—then he laughed bitterly at his own folly.

"She is as good as his wife—what right have I to come between them? I will go back to London to-morrow," he said to himself; and, pulling his hat over his eyes, he set off at a rapid pace for the inp. for the inn.

The group he left behind did little to enter The group he left behind did little to entertain each other. The farmer smoked his pipe, Kitty sewed, and William turned over the leaves of the book that lay on the table by her side. It was a newly-published novel, and he glanced at a sentence here and there, scarcely understanding what the words could mean, till turning to the title-page, he dropped the volume as if it had burned his fingers. Kitty sewed more industriously than ever, without looking up. No need for her to glance at that now-familiar name, "Francis Oliver." Was not every letter, every graceful curve and flourish the wayward pen had made in inscribing it, stamped upon her brain—nay, upon her heart stamped upon her brain—nay, upon her heart

itself?

At that moment the clock struck nine, and the farmer knocked the ashes from his pipe, and bade the lovers good-night. William sat in silence till he heard the chamber door close behind him, then laid his hand upon Kitty's sewing. She looked up, and let him take it away without a word. She saw in his eyes that the dreaded time for explanation had come.

"Sit here by me," he said, drawing the farmer's chair close beside his own.

She obeyed, and, leaning back, covered her eyes with her hand. She felt so guilty at that

moment that she could have sunk into the very depths of the earth only to be out of William's sight. If for a moment he had cherished any secret hope that he might have been mistaken in his thoughts about Kitty and the author, I think it must have vanished then and there, as he looked upon that hidden face, that shrinking, trembling form. It was some time before he spoke again; but when he did so, his voice was very kind.

"Kitty, dear, don't be frightened. I am not going to scold or blame you. I only want to talk to you seriously for a few moments, if you will let me. May I?"

"Yes," sighed Kitty.

"Take away your hands, then—let me look at you. What can you be afraid of, my love? Don't you know I would rather die this moment than give you pain?"

"Oh, that is it!—that is it!" cried Kitty in a choked voice "You are so kind—too kind—and I—I am a wretch!"

It was a tacit confession of her inconstancy—be felt it so and from that moment neither

and I—I am a wretch!"

It was a tacit confession of her inconstancy—he felt it so, and, from that moment neither attempted to hide or disguise it any more.

"No; don't say that, love. You are my own good little Kitty now, as you have ever been. But you have made a mistake about me, have you not? You thought you loved me when—you promised to be my wife—" The brave fellow's voice faltered a little, and he could not go on.

But Kitty, forgetting him for a moment, and only eager to excuse her own apparently-inex-cusable conduct, started up, took his passive hand, and cried out, blushing: "Oh, indeed I did, William, or I never would have promised. I always thought I loved you—till—"
"Till Mr. Oliver came!" he said, finishing the

"Thi Mr. Onver came!" he said, mishing the sentence for her.

She hung her head, and touched his hand humbly with her lips.

"Oh, William, forgive me. I could not help it, though I tried. He was so clever—so good—so different from any one I had ever seen before."

before."

"He was—and he is!" replied the young man, with bitter emphasis. "And he is handsome and rich into the bargain. He can give you a splendid home and a name that every one knows. I have nothing to offer you but a poor cottage, these strong hands, this honest heart! Kitty—I don't blame you for choosing him instead of me."

"Oh how you wrong me!" she exclaimed,

"Oh, how you wrong me!" she exclaimed, with sudden energy. "It is not the home and the name I care for; it is himself! At first, it was his writings that I admired; but now, if he were a beggar in rags, I would go with him, if he asked me, work, beg, and die with him, if need be, because he is so dear—so dear to me, that I cannot find words to say what I feel!"

She stopped short, for William turned so pale that she could not but remember where she was, and to whom and of whom she was speaking.

"You say this to me!"—he murmured—"to

"You say this to me!"—he murmured—"to
e! And I was to have been your husband in
ree months more. Oh, Kitty, it is hard!" three months more. She could not but be moved by the sight of

"Forgive me," she said, gently. "I ought not to have said it; but the words came, and I

not to have said it; but the words came, and I could not stop them."

"No doubt—no doubt. Never mind me, Kitty, I can bear it. And I may as well know the worst. When a man has got his death-blow, a stab or two, more or less, makes little difference to him. Now, tell me all. Talk to me as if I was your own brother. Has 'this man asked you to marry him?"

"No."

"He has some honor then about him. He knew you were engaged to me, and he has respected us both so far, for which I thank him.

knew you were engaged to me, and he has respected us both so far, for which I thank him. But when he knows that you are free, as he will know to-morrow, Kitty, he will ask you to marry him. If I was not sure of that, I would not let you go. What answer shall you give?"

Was there any need to ask that question? One look at her downcast eyes should have been enough. Nay, it was enough, and he went on with a patient sigh, that never reached her ear.

"I would not say one word, Kitty, to make you unhappy; but I do think that when he asks you that question, you ought to ask him another: about that lady from London who was here the other day. Do you remember?"

Kitty colored brightly. Had she not wasted many an hour since that sunny afternoon, in vain conjectures about the stranger, who, although she was not gifted with beauty or grace, had yet managed to take Mr. Oliver from her, and make him utterly oblivious of her presence, for a full quarter of an hour? That lady who had known him before she herself had, but of whom he said so little—that lady who stood suddenly beside the Forest brook, as if she had dropped from the clouds, and who looked at her with so much meaning in her eyes! And William could ask if she remembered her!

"What of her? What do you know of her? What is she to Mr. Oliver? What is Mr. Oliver

liam could ask if she remembered her!

"What of her? What do you know of her?
What is she to Mr. Oliver? What is Mr. Oliver to her?" she cried out, eagerly.

"Those are questions which Mr. Oliver must answer," was the grave reply. "I know nothing more of the lady than this, that she was good and kind to me when I needed goodness. ing more of the lady than this, that she was good and kind to me, when I needed goodness and kindness most, and that it struck me then, through all my trouble, that she was fond of Mr. Oliver, I don't know if I was mistaken or not. People ought not to marry without the fullest mutual understanding on such points as those?"

these."

Kitty sighed, and said she thought so, too; but all the while her heart was very sore at the thought that Miss Marchmont, or Miss Anybodyelse, could ever, at any period of his former life, have been more to Francis Oliver than she was now. If he could have come to her as she came to him, loving for the first time, with pure lips and a fresh heart, how much dearer he would have been! She did not put that feeling into words. She might have denied its existence if any one else had done so, but it was into words. She might have denied its exist-ence if any one else had done so, but it was

William, who had been watching her chang-ing face for some time in silence, now rose to

go.
"It is getting late, Kitty; the clock will soon
strike ten. I have much to do before I sleep. I
am going away to-morrow."
"Going? Where?"
"To London."
"So suddenly. And because of this—because
of me?"

of me?"
"Even so, Kitty. Do you quite understand

He broke down at last, and leaning his head upon her shoulder, cried like a child. Her tender little heart could not bear it. She said between her own sobs, that he should not go; and that she would try to love him once again, and be a good wife to him if he would but take her back. That promise roused him—made a man of him once more!

once more!

"You are an angel—a tender, pitying angel," he said, as he took both her hands in his, and looked down into her pale little face. "I shall take the memory of your kindness with me wherever I may go, but you shall not give up your own heart's desire for me. No, Kitty; marry him, if he is so dear, and may his wish about you come true—'a long life, a happy home, and some one there to love you always.' Now, God bless you, my dear; you will let me kiss you for the last time. Good-by, Kitty. Good-by!"

He touched her forehead lightly with his line.

Good-by!"

He touched her forehead lightly with his lips, and was gone. She thought she heard him sob as he closed the door. She herself sat down and cried as if her heart would break. The fire died out—the candle flickered and burned low—she shivered all over when she went up-stairs to bed. Poor little Kitty! It was the first time she had ever grieved or pained any one in her short life; and to grieve William was the worst of all. Her earliest playmate, her kindest friend, the child's sweetheart, the girl's protector, the maiden's lover—oh, it was unpardonable! She wept herself to sleep with the bitterest tears those sweet dark eyes had ever known.

CHAPTER VI. A GIRL'S ILLUSION.

of stand amid the roar
Of a surf-tormented shore,
And I hold within my hand
Grains of the golden sand.
How few! Yet how they creep
Through my fingers to the deep
While I weep—while I weep!
Oh, God! can I not grasp
Them with a tighter clasp?
Oh, God! can I not save
One from the pttiless wave?
Is all we see or seem One from the control of the first all we see or soem

But a dream within a dream?"

—EDGAR A. POE.

Ar three o'clock the next morning, William Hill came out of his own little cottage, and closing the door carefully behind him, in order that he might not disturb his still sleeping house-keeper, set off down the road in the direction of Kitty's home. His preparations for the journey had all been made, his luggage was to follow him to London, and he himself was to walk over to Lyndhurst to breakfast and catch the early express train. He had said good-by to his housekeeper, the favorite hound, and nut-brown horse, before he slept. There remained but one last farewell, and then he was free!

The church clock struck the half-hour, as he came in sight of Kitty's home. Serene, in a lightly-clouded sky, shone the yellow moon; her light falling with the softest beams (it seemed to him) around the hallowed spot where his love was sleeping. He paused beside the old wooden stile, where Kitty had so often lingered on summer evenings, long gone by, to listen to his loving sketches of their future home; he leaned against her favorite seat and looked up at her latticed window with a bitter groan. His simple soul was bewildered by the blow that had the sea guddelly his loyal loying heart could. AT three o'clock the next morning, William

of her wits, and could only gasp piteously:

ing sketches of their future home; he leaned
against her favorite seat and looked up at her
latticed window with a bitter groan. His simple soul was bewildered by the blow that had
fallen so suddenly—his loyal, loving heart could
scarcely comprehend how such a thing could be.
The most beautiful, the most intellectual woman
on earth could never have tempted him from his
allegiance. Venus and Minerva together would
have been eclipsed, in his eyes, by little Kitty.
How differently she must have felt for him all
the while, since the first word, the first look of
this hated stranger had drawn her heart away!

Poor William! It was indeed a bitter draught
to drink. Jealousy is as cruel as the grave, and
when it is well founded—when your rival is
handsomer, cleverer, richer, and more agreeable
than you—when, compared with him or her,
you are mentally, morally, and physically a
dwarf, a pigmy—it does not by any means take
from the weight of your burden, or add to your
capacity for bearing it. The feeling has its rise
only in selfishness and prides are
born with us, and remain with us till we die,
I do not see how we are to escape these pangs,
except by loving no one very deeply. The saints
of olden times, who came as near perfection as
poor human mature can ever hope to come, may
have laid aside their self-will and self-love so
entirely as positively to rejoice in slights and
humiliations; but I question much, if, in the
nineteenth century, any heart can be found that
(however much all outward manifestations of
feeling may be hidden) will, in a case like this,
draw back with honest meekness, and own that
another is worthier of the prize. Conscious, it
may be, of that other's worth, and it sown imperfections all the while, yet inwardly pained
and wronged, and deeply resentful when the beloved object grows conscious, too! Ah, no;
whatever we may be to the world and to ourselves, we all want to be first and foremost in
the estimation of the one! We all echo Montrose's selves, we all want to be first and foremost in the estimation of the one! We all echo Montrose's egotistical song, As Alexander I will reign,

And I will reign alone,
My thoughts did evermore disdain
A rival on the throne."

It is selfish, it is wrong, it is laughable, perhaps, but also it is very natural. Just one little kingdom—one little world, where we may reign, and "bear, like the Turk, no brother near the This is the common desire and the common right of every son and daughter of Adam. But people do not always find their desires granted, or their rights maintained in this world, as we learn to our cost. When we find that the kingdom has revolted or been stolen treacherously away—when we see the "conquering hero" marching in with banners flying, drums beating, trumpets sounding, to take possession of his loyal province, while we, who once owned, or thought we owned it, are fain to creep through the victorious procession, and hide ourselves in shame and grief beyond its walls—is it strange, after all, that the tumult of our thoughts points rather to angry revenge

than to meek su I think not, and remembering certain pangs which I myself underwent in my younger and more impressible days, I feel inclined to sympathize with this poor young farmer, when, un thize with this poor young farmer, when, understanding but vaguely yet resenting keenly those qualities in his rival which had won Kitty's heart, all his pain, and agony, and fever of wounded love and pride culminated in unmitigated wrath against Francis Oliver, the man who, with so many gifts, so many blessings, so properly to love him had come there to steal the to love him, had come there to steal the many to love him, had come there to steal the one little ewe-lamb, the poor man's sole possession. In no spirit of profanity did he make the comparison. He had never read that passage without an involuntary thought of her, and now she was forever lost to him. He could not hate her, he could not wish harm to her; but woe to have many who had crossed his path if hy could her, he could not wish harm to her, the word the man who had crossed his path, if by any chance they met! And then, glancing once more toward the modest little chamber, he laid more toward the stile and burst into tears.

"No—at least—Kitty, you that you will not let this you."
"He never does, father." more toward the modest little chamber, he had his head upon the stile, and burst into tears.

So it went on—the old story—the old grief, which every one knows by experience, better than words can tell it! First tears, then anger,

what this visit means? Do you see that I am leaving you to-night, as free as it is possible for a woman to be? Do you know that I shall never look upon your face again for many a yearnever see you, perhaps, till you have your children at your knee? It is true, Kitty; and feeling all that I do feel, do you think I could stay here, and see it all brought about? Oh, no! I love you so well, that if I am in the way of your happiness, I can stand aside and let mine go; but it must be away from here—away from the old it must be away from here—away from the old it must be away from you. And so I am going to my father's brother in London, and he will send me abroad to America. He has land there that ought to be looked after. I am fit to do that, if nothing more. So God bless you, my dear, and make you happy in your own way. You will think, sometimes, of your old playfellow, won't you, Kitty—of the poor fellow who loved you.—"

He broke down at last, and leaning his head

ever change! A week later he sailed for America. And lit-le Kitty, without knowing it, had lost the kind-st, bravest, and truest heart that ever beat or

tle Kitty, without knowing it, had lost the kindest, bravest, and truest heart that ever beat or broke for her sweet sake.

Did Kitty care?

I scarcely know how to answer the question. Women's hearts are not always as hard as nether millstones, and it was impossible that she should not feel some regret for the pain she had inflicted on one whose worst fault was loving her too well. But, after the first bitter tears had been shed, and the first feeling of loneliness overcome, I am afraid that her spirit danced joyously in the sunlight of liberty—that her whole nature thrilled with eestasy to know that she was free! It seemed cruel and wicked to rise the morning after that sad parting, with such a spring of life and happiness within her breast—it seemed unkind to rejoice in the beauty of the opening day, the singing of the birds, the familiar village sounds, when poor William was so many miles away; yet she could not help it; and the farmer, coming home to breakfast, found her "lilting" merrily as she made the tea, about the lassie who "ca'd the yowes to the knowes" in company with her shepherd swain.

The old man sat down to his simple meal with a roguish smile.

"You seem very happy, Kitty," he remarked.
"I thought how it would be when I heard William go away so late last night. Have you said your last words as lovers, and is the day fixed for next week instead of three months hence, that you have turned canary after such a fashion?"

that you have turned canary after such a

Kitty turned red and white as he looked at

Kitty turned red and white as he looked at her, and then the truth came out.

"Father, we had our last words as lovers; that is very true. But we have not named another day, and William has gone."

"Gone?" said the farmer, draining his cup, and helping himself to another slice of bread and butter. "Give me some more tea, child. Where has he gone to?"

"To America!"

"What?"

His sudden start frightened her so that she

His sudden start frightened her so that she dropped the teapot, and scalded her hand ter-Now see what you have done, you silly little

ribly.

"Now see what you have done, you silly little puss. It serves you right for trying to play tricks on your poor old father. Does it smart badly? Run and get some cotton-wool, and wrap it up. I can make the tea myself."

"Oh!" burst out Kitty, "I don't mind the hand, father. I deserve to be scalded worse than that! I am a wicked, ungrateful girl, and when you hear all, I do believe you will turn me out of the house!"

"Bless me, child! what are you talking about? One would think you had gone mad!" he exclaimed, pushing back his chair, and looking intently at her. For the first time he noticed her paleness, her restless air, her tear-stained eyes, and a suspicion of the truth seemed to flash over his mind as he gazed.

"Heyday, Miss!" he exclaimed, sharply. "What is all this about? You have been doing something wrong. What is it? Out with it!"

Never before had he spoken to her in such a tone, and the poor child was frightened half out of her wits, and could only gasp piteously: "William! Don't be angry, father—don't scold me!"

"William! what has he to do with it? Now,

door."

"Father dear, what will Mr. Oliver think, if you go to him like this?"

"I don't care what he thinks."

"Oh, yes, you do—you care what he thinks of your poor little Kitty! If you go to him on such an errand, he will say to himself that you are trying to frighten him into marrying me. You know he will. And then he will despise me, and I shall die." I shall die.'

"Nonsense, child! I tell you I won't have him come here any more to fill your head with nonsense. If I had not been as blind as an old sense. If I had not been as blind as an old beetle, I should have seen it all from the first. Yet who on earth could have expected a young woman, with a sweetheart of her own, to go and fall in love with a perfect stranger, in a

I know I have done wrong, very wrong; but, oh! father, don't go to him. I could not bear that! I think it would really kill me—in bear that! I think it would now!' deed I feel as if I was dying now!' As she spoke, she turned very pale; her eyes closed, and she would have fallen to the ground closed, and she would have fallen to the ground closed, and she would have fallen to the ground closed.

whelmed with contrition for his harshness, he placed her in a chair, and held a glass of water to her lips, promising all and everything she asked, if she would but look at him—smile on him Kitty heard the frantic words as she recovered

from that deathlike swoon; took the advantage which her illness gave her, and never let it go.

"I am better now," she said, putting the water away. "You spoke so loud and looked so angry, that made me faint. But you have promised, father—remember that." Ves child I will remember. Are you sure

you are better?" "Quite sure. And you will not say anything to Mr. Oliver, even if he happens to come

here?"
"No—at least—Kitty, you must promise me that you will not let this man make love to

And the color came stealing back into her cheek again, like the tint of a young moss-

"And you must only see him when your aunt Pete. "But if he ain't got her in a wuss

is with you."
"Very well, father." There was a short silence. The old man look-

There was a short silence. The old man looked perplexed and puzzled.
"Child, I wish your mother had lived," he said, at last, laying his hand fondly on her dark hair. "You are growing very like her; you are far too pretty to be left alone; and I do not know how to guide you as she would. Remember your mother, and your mother's God, my dear; that is the best advice I can give you. And don't break my heart, Kitty, in my old age; don't let me have to meet her in heaven, and tell her that her only child—her darling child—has done anything wrong!"

her only child—her darling child—has done anything wrong!"

His voice trembled, his eyes were filled with tears, and he snatched up his hat, and left the house without another word. Kitty sat watching him as he went down the narrow garden path; and then her thoughts turned, with fond relief, toward the beloved one, who, through her intercession, was safe from all blame and rebuke. What did it matter how much she might have to bear, so he was unmolested—what were all the unkind words and bitter reproaches, so they did not fall upon his ear?

the unkind words and bitter reproaches, so they did not fall upon his ear?

She went about her daily work, no longer singing, it is true, but with a heart that was once more at ease. The momentary strain of suspense was over; the worst was known and—what was more—forgiven! She was free to act for herself—free to be happy, if she could, and in her own way. And even aunt Betsy, coming in later in the day, with words of wondering condolence, and the news of William Hill's departure, found herself checked and silenced, she scarcely knew how, by something in Kitty's face, and voice, and manner, that she had never seen before.

scarcely knew how, by something in Kitty's face, and voice, and manner, that she had never seen before.

The news traveled fast, as news of that description always must; and long before nightfall, every one was aware that the lovers had quarreled and parted, and that "the gentleman from London" was at the bottom of it all. "The gentleman" heard it also, by chance, from a lounger in the tap-room, and the rustic publicity annoyed him to such an extent, that he ordered a fly, packed up his valise, and made as hurried a retreat from the Forest as Miss Marchmont had done a few days before. To stay and be talked over by those small farmers and the village girls—oh, it was intolerable! And that night he slept at Lyndhurst, in the best bedroom of an inn famous for its hunting dimers in the sporting days of old; but now fast falling into loneliness and decay. Kitty knew nothing of this, when, after the day's work was at an end, she strolled out through the little side gate and into the Forest Road. She walked there for an hour, as the sun was going down; her face growing sadder, her eyes more wistful in their glances as every moment fleeted by. She had half-fancied she should come upon Mr. Oliver, walking or riding in his favorite haunts. The poor child had so much to say to him! or child had so much to say to him! (To be continued—commenced in No. 359.)

## ADRIFT.

BY FRANK M. IMBRIE.

I stood on the shore, so lonely,
Close to the head-land gray,
When Day like an infant goddess
In the lap of the Morning lay;
When over "Elf Taran's 'azura
The barges of Thought set sail,
With never a ripple of surface—
With never the least sea-gale.

I watched fair argosies coming
From some enchanted isle—
Some isle in the Ocean fastness
Where suns forever smile.
They held a pricelss cargo,
But not one gem for me;
And my heart goes drifting, drifting,
Drifting over the sea.

I stumble amidst the jewels
Strewn thick by my feet around;
I search among the vessels
For my ever-outward-bound;
I see them turning shoreward
With shining fleece untold;
But where is my dear home-corner?
Where is my promised gold?

I've placed on my breast one jewel— Crown-jewel, I know full well— Yet while its true worth chains me, I hear a dank sea-bell I hear a dank sea-bell
Come booming over the waters:
"There are rarer pearls for thee!"
So, with hands weighed down with jewels,
My heart goes over the sea.

Hark! 'tis the rush of breakers!

The shout of the Argonaut!
Ladened, the hands of others—
For me, but a mocking "Naught!"
And my cry goes out. "Oh, sailors,
Didst see on some far Icne shore
The wreck of a hope-flagged vessel
Gone from me ever more!"

But they flaunt in their lightened beauty,
Leaving me far away,
With naught but the murmur of waters,
Naught but the head-land gray;
Only a shadowy gloaming
Shaping a phantom bliss;
Only the taunting question—
"Why do I wait for this?"

Why are those proffered treasures
So lightly prized by me?
Why does my heart go drifting
Over a silent sea?
Sometime the "why" will be answered,
In God's own time and way;
Sometime, on this night of wonder,
Will shine a mental day.

# Nobody's Boy:

THE STOLEN CHILD.

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

CHAPTER XV. WESTWARD, HO!

IT was no light task which Pete had laid out for himself. He had no clear idea, it is true, of the magnitude of this task, but if he had known the route to bristle with dangers it would not have deterred him.

To his adventurous spirit the prespect of a journey across the plains to California was full of promise. He had some indefinite vision of ceans of buffaloes, and throngs of wild Indians, of sterile deserts and lofty mountains in the way. But to Pete these were full of promise. He was too young and too bold by nature to consider peril before he saw it.

Besides, Minnie was crossing these plains and climbing these mountains; Minnie was in danger not only from red-men, but from white savages. The boy, from "hating gals," had grown to worship this one charming little girl. Where peril threatened her there duty commanded him to be. His last glance at William Denton had filled

his mind with a new thought. Something in the attitude of the man, some warning impression perhaps, had reminded Pete of the man he had seen talking to Colonel Green.

It was a passing impression; gone almost instantly, but the boy could not get it from his A vague sense of danger to his young tuto

haunted him; and a new-born sense of duty impelled him to fly to her rescue. hair? There's a screw loose somewhere; I'll sell

my hat if there ain't," said Pete, to the gentleman who was acting as custodian of his funds. "Dunno what made the gal's father want her in Californy in sich a hurry, anyhow.

"It was very natural, my lad," said his guardian; "after the danger she had escaped he naturally feared to leave her out of his own

scrape, then I'll cave."
"It is a dangerous journey, crossing the plains, no doubt," said the gentleman, not arriving at his meaning. "But they will be over before the snows come, and the Indians are

quiet now." "There's wuss than that," said Pete, myste-"Ain't no use blowin' bout what it is, but I'm goin' to make a clean streak after that gal. Come to strike you for a little dough

"A little what?" asked the gentleman, in

"A few dingbats."
"What are they?"

"A trifle of the needful." "What do you mean?"
"Well, I'm blowed if I 'spected that you

didn't know English better nor me," said Pete, without a particle of reverence or respect for his guardian. "Can't travel on tick, you Want you to set me up in the necessarv.

Is it money you want?"

"Reckon I've been sayin' so enough."
"See here, my boy," said the gentleman Your money is out on interest, and there will be nothing due for six months. I have already advanced you twenty-five dollars from

my own pocket. 'Dunno nothing 'bout interest," said Pete. I'm making tracks straight for Californ, and maybe you'll not see me for two year to come. Maybe never. I want a hundred and fifty, flat down, and I'm bound to have it, that's wuss. Reckon it's my five thousand. You kin keep the balance if I don't come fur it."

It is out of my hands, Pete. All I can get is the interest, and that not till it is due. However, if you can show mo the need of it, I may

advance the sum you require.' "Maybe I've been a bit too fast," said Pete. through whose mind a sense of the gentleman's meaning began to creep. "Hope I ain't been

"A little hasty, Pete," said his guardian smiling. "Let me hear your reasons for need-

ing this money. Pete, with some mental reservation, gave his bjects with sufficient fullness to convince the gentleman that it was no mere boyish whim to

spend money that possessed him. He finally agreed to advance him the money, with the proviso that he should assist him in making the mind. necessary purchases.

An hour's walk from the town brought he to the banks of a broad, majestic river. fact, no definite idea of the requisites fo a journey across the plains, except that he wanted a rifle and a revolver. His mind was filled

with some indefinite notion of fighting his way to California. He left everything else to his guardian, but he fancied that he was a better judge of "shooting-irons" himself, and was bound to select his own weapons. A large delegation of his youthful friends gathered at the depot of the Chicago and Tole-

do railroad to see Pete off, and our hero, with his pioneer suit, his weapons of offense, his knapsack, and his general Kit Carsonish air. was the subject of boundless admiration. Even Nicodemus, who kept close to his heels,

found more admirers than he fancied, and showed his teeth, more than once, to the enthusiastic crowd. A chorus of cheers rent the air as the train

moved off, with our hero on board. "Keep a stiff upper lip, Pete," shouted one

of his old companions.
"You bet I will. If I don't show a good hand sell me out, that's all," was Pete's an-

Pete had never journeved more than four miles in the cars before, and this continuous rattling over hundreds of miles of prairie and for st, past numberless towns, and through great cities, was a new and astonishing experience to him

Chicago and St. Louis astounded him. felt Toledo-which he had always thought to

But his chief wonder arose from the unnumbered miles of country that fled past the rapid wheels of the train. His lake voyage had

widened the boy's ideas of the extent of the land of which he was a prospective citizen. But that was water only. Here was land, land, land. Forest, river, plain, mountain, village and city, rapidly succeeded each other. The hours rept by. Morning advanced to noon. Noon moved on to night. Through the long hours of darkness the rolling wheels kept up their incessant din. Over north-western Ohio, across northern In-

diana, down nearly the whole length of Illinois, over the great State of Missouri, for miles with out end, as it seemed to the boy's wild imagination, the train rolled on. At length they entered a small but bustling

city, near the western boundary of Missouri and the voyage by rail ended. They were in Independence, at that time the

western limit of railroad travel, though proects were already busy in men's minds which yould carry the iron rail far to the west But as yet only the wagon train had dared to encounter the perils and interminable spread

of the mighty Western plains, and the unknown langers of the mountain chains beyond. Independence was the center of a bustling trade in emigrants' goods, its streets were cut by the broad wheels of toiling wagons, and rudely dressed, daring adventurers could be seen in throngs on its avenues, day and night.

Emigration westward was increasing in extent yearly, almost daily. Wagon trains, supposed to be strong enough to defy Indian attacks, left the city weekly. Daily, trappers and hunters, disdaining the protection of num bers, struck off on foot or horse across the plains, or returned to the city, laden with the fruits of their enterprise.

Pete, despite the strangeness of his new experiences, did not lose his native self-possession The uproar of the city streets, the strange scenes and rough language he encountered were not able to confuse the boy's clear brain, and ere he had been an hour in this new city he was as much at home as if he had been born and bred there.

He lost no time in making inquiries concern ing the objects of his search. But people in this bustling locality seemed to have too much But people in business of their own to know anything con-Several hours passed before he gained any

trace of Minnie and her cousin. At length the keeper of a general utility store answered his questions in the affirmative A pretty little girl, was it?" he asked. neat, blue-eyed creature, with long, yellow

"Jist her photograph, for a bushel of beans!" cried Pete. "You've seed her, then?" 'There's many young ones pass here.

might easy be mistaken. There was such a child in my store the other day. 'Anybody with her?"

"Yes, a tall, good-looking fellow, dressed in gray pants and a brown coat.' You didn't happen to hear no names, mis-'S'pose it was somehow that way," said ter?"

'And would it be botherin' too much to ask

when this was?" Three days ago "It's them, or I don't know a catty from a

perch! Gone out yet?"
"Yes. They left that day, in Joe English's train. They are far ahead now, for Joe don't lose any time.

I'm after them then, like lightnin' after a telegraph wire. Much obliged." And Pete was walking off. "There's a train making up now," called the man after him, "if you are going to cross the plains. Only you're a young one to be making

that trip without company "How soon will the train be a-goin'?"

"Day after to-morrow. "Won't gee for me, then. I'm after the train ahead. Only three days the start of me. Bet I pull that up afore a week. Good-by." "Why, you risky young rascal, you don't mean to say that you're going to venture out

"If I ain't, there's no coons in Ohio." "Come, come, boy, there's a weak spot in your brains. You'll be lost, or starved, or gob-bled up by the Indians, long before you catch

"Reckon not," said Pete, boldly. "Can't miss the wagon trail, and got a week's provender in this here knapsack. What's more, I'm

some on the trigger. The Injuns best make their wills afore they run foul of me. I'm Picayune Pete, I am. I ain't no slouch."

Flinging his rifle over his shoulder, and whistling up Nicodemus, Pete set off with a

long stride that would soon carry him beyond the limits of the town. The man he had addressed looked after him

with a surprised glance "Wouldn't wonder if the young brat pulled through all right," he mutuered. "He's got the right spirit, and there's the flash of a born scout in his eye."

## CHAPTER XVI.

THE BOY PIONEER

Pete, from his childhood, had been accustomed to the most vigorous exercise. Young as he yet was, his muscles were firm and untiring. The prospect of a long journey afoot was rather alluring to him than otherwise. No fear of physical weariness entered his young

An hour's walk from the town brought him was the Missouri, which here constituted the border between the civilized life of the old settled States, and the mighty wilderness be-

A ferry-boat soon placed him on the western side of this liquid border, and on the soil of the Territory of Kansas.

It had been late in the afternoon when he started from Independence, and night was now rapidly approaching. Pete obtained lodgings for himself and dog in a public house on the western shore of the river.

The next day dawned fresh and clear, a charming September morning. The sun had only fairly risen when Pete had dispatched his breakfast, given Nicodemus the picking of some tempting bones, and was ready again for

The boy looked born for the plains as he trod, with a firm step, down the hard earth road, made by the broad wheels of countless emigrant

His clear, gleaming eye and handsome face were full of hopeful anticipation of stirring adventures. The fur cap set jauntily upon his head, the well-fitting borderer's suit that set off his fine figure to advantage, the wide-top-ped boots into which his pants were thrust, the heavy knapsack on his shoulders, and the light rifle which he bore in his right hand, gave him a picturesque appearance that suited well with

his enterprise. Nicodemus trotted on at his heels with a be some guns of a city—sinking into insigni- look as if he did not quite understand what his aster was after, and was not satisfied with

"Don't look so downhearted, Nick," said Pete, encouragingly. "It's all in a lifetime, old dorg. If you're out of sperits now, I reckon you'll give up the ghost afore you git to Californy. Didn't you have lively pickin's for breakfast, hey, Nicodemus?

The dog barked in reply. "You know you had, you cute old rascal. If you don't git your grub for dinner jist talk to me about it, that's all. But don't you be aokin' as if your grandfather was jist hung.

Thus beguiling the way with conversation, to which the dog replied with his unvarying monosyllable, with songs, and with whistling, which accomplishment Pete prided himself, the y trudged on for miles upon miles through the fair fields of Kansas.

The tide of emigration, which in a few years was to convert this rich territory into a thriv ing State, had just fairly set in.

Villages of a few houses each appeared by the roadside. Several incipient towns were passed. Cultivated fields here and there broke the general rich green level of the prairie. Settlers were busy erecting houses, or breaking the virgin plain to the plow.

some emigrant teams, bound, like himself, further west; others the lighter and swifter vehicles of neighborhood traffic. Pete, with his ease at introducing himself, and readiness at making friends, soon frater-

He passed numerous wagons on the road;

nized with these fellow travelers, and succeeded in getting several rides for himself and dog dur-He lost no opportunity of questioning conerning the objects of his journey, being anx-

ious to learn how far ahead of him they really Joe English's train?" said a thriving farmer of the neighborhood, who was giving Pete a lift of a few miles. "I know Joe like a book. He's a tip-top guide. Passed he

-this is Thursday. Passed on Monday. Bound for Santa Fe." For Californy, I reckon," said Pete. "For Santa Fe, sure as shooting. Told me

'The ones I'm after are goin' to Californy, anyhow. 'They will have to split off then. It's a

long train and may break up."
"How far ahead do you think they are?" "Fifty or sixty miles, I calculate.

mule train, light freight. Won't make less than twenty miles a day. Night settled on Pete some thirty-five miles from his starting point of that morning, more than half of which distance he had made in

It was easy to get lodgings for the night. Places of entertainment stood here and there along the road, made nece sary by the constant stream of emigration. They were destined in a few years to become the stations of

the overland stage route to the Pacific. The next day Pete found himself in a more unsettled country. Ranches were few and far between. No villages or towns appeared. Few travelers were met. On all sides around him

# -E--- SURE BANDED VALORIUR BULL E---

the unbroken prairie spread to the limits of the horizon, covered now with a magnificent wealth of flowers, the wide expanse of nature's rarest beauty only marred by the narrow line of the emigrant trail.

He got few lifts that day, but trudged on with unconquerable spirit.

This part of Kansas was well watered, and he crossed the valleys of several large and a number of small streams. At this season of the year they ran very low, some of the beds being nearly empty, and there was no difficulty

Almost all the woodland of the country lay along these streams, fringes of elm and cotton-wood marking their course for miles across the

Between the streams the wide plain, covered with its exquisite carpet, ran in long inunda-tions, rising and falling like successive waves

A third day broke on Pete and Nicodemus still trudging westward. The dog had accommodated himself to the situation, though he still wore an injured expression.

Pete's determination was still unconquer able; but two days of incessant travel, with a heavy weight on his shoulders, had taken some of the vim out of him, and he walked on in si-

Thus until near noon they passed through almost unbroken solitude, the ranches now being very few, while the single emigrant wagons had almost vanished.

They were nearing that point where travelers had to band together for protection from possible Indian raids. However peaceful appearing, the red-men of the plains were not to

be trusted without a good show of force.

"Tell you what it is, Nicodemus," said Pete, at length; "dunno what you think about it, but it's my notion that this thing's about play We kin make ten mile a day more than that mule-train, Nick, and that'll soon count. But I don't see no sort of use wearin' my legs out when there's plenty of hosses about. There veren't less than a hundred at that last ranch. Only got ten dollars left, dorg, and that won't buy a hoss, and I've been brung up too pious to steal one. But you kin say what you please, Nicodemus, I'm bound to have a hoss."

The dog barked and ran eagerly ahead, his nose in the air.

"Hallo! what's up, Nick?" cried Pete, looking eagerly forward.

As he did he saw two graceful animals which had been grazing on the prairie before him, take alarm and bound off at a wonderful pace. Pete looked after them with astonished eyes.

They ain't buffaloes, that's certain,' said. "Nor they ain't prairie dogs. Wonder if they're them antelopes that fellow back there talked about."

The agile animals flew on like the wind, and soon disappeared behind the wooded border of

There were numerous birds flitting and sing ing about, and the boy's senses, in love with nature as he had always been, took in with delight these scenes of beauty.

But a new impulse was roused in him as the

uneasy dog started up some larger birds, which flew with a heavy flight away from him. With the instinct of the sportsman he brought

the rifle to his shoulder, glanced along the sights, and pulled the trigger.

It was a quick and doubtful shot, as the birds were more than fifty yards distant, and flying

But Pete, young as he was, had had long practice with the rifle. His quick, true eye had taken deadly aim. The bird fell with a

dull thud to the ground. The well-trained dog flew to pick up the game, while Pete, with his sportsman's habits,

hastened to reload his rifle. Nicodemus brought in a bird utterly unknown to Pete. It was a large, mottled bird, of the size of a chicken, with what seemed a pair of small, extra wings on its neck, and a slight

crest on its head. "Not a bad shot that," cried a voice near him, as he stood weighing the bird in his hand. Pete turned hastily, to see beside him a man I'm a-talkin' bout you, Nick." on horseback, who had approached unobserve

during his preoccupation. He was a tall, muscular man, with heavily bearded face. A long rifle lay across the sac

dle before him. His right hand held the bridle "Wasn't a bad shot for a boy," he repeated "to bring down a prairie hen, at that distance,

This is a prairie hen, is it?" asked Pete,

holding up the bird. "Sartainly. Don't know much about these diggin's, boy, or you wouldn't ask that. Where You're a young one to be out of sight

of the settlements alone. "I'm goin' to put myself further out of sight "I'm bound for Californy. "Wheh!" whistled the new-comer, with

gesture of surprise. a train that's forty or fifty mile I'm after ahead," said Pete.

S'pect to catch it afoot? The Injuns will gobble you up, sure as shooting, boy. Best turn tail and make a bee-line for the settlements. The red-skins are raising thunder

"I kin hit an Injun on the wing as well as a prairie chicken," said P. te, boldly. "I'm goin head if there's ten war-parties on the trail. Why don't you turn back yourself?"

"Me?" and the man laughed as if highly amused. "Me turn back for Injuns? Why, boy, they're my reg'lar diet. I generally abolish a dozen of the rascals to get up my appetite for dinner. I'm Bill Grubb, the scout. Mought have heard of me.

"Can't say as I have," answered Pete. Picayune Pete. Maybe you mought have heered tell of me."

"You're a young hoss, Pete, I'll bet that, said the sout, laughing. "Good on the trigger, and got the right spirit in you. Goin' West myself, and wouldn't mind havin' you for company. What do you want with the train ahead?

Pete, who had been greatly taken with the honest face and free manner of the scout, made no hesitation in relating his object. "'Cording to your story there's deviltry

afoot," said the scout. "Now I'm death on deviltry. Got a spare hoss here, Pete, which I was goin' to leave at the next ranch. up, my lively youngster. Kind of took a liking to you. Guess you and I will ride pards for a day or two anyhow. That your dog?" I bet. He's some guns of a dorg, too. Ain't many such dorgs. Speak out for your

might be trusted. "He'll do," said the scout. "Let him trot

after. Hop up."
Pete needed no second invitation. With the bound of a young athlete he was in an instant on the horse's back.

Grasping the reins, and laying his rifle and it too. game before him, he was ready for the road.

CHAPTER XVII. RED-SKINS AND RIFLES!

The scout was amused by the shrewdness and odd ways of the boy, and found himself liking him more and more with every mile of their prise.

Pete had been dreaming all his days of wild life in the West, and to find himself now the companion of a real scout, and bound to that estern land where adventures and dangers are thick as blackberries, was an experience that made him unusually garrulous and jovial.

Even Nicodemus seemed to think it more

spectable to follow a horse than a footman, cried Pete, joyfully. and trotted on contentedly. His late advenelf-satisfaction.

The scout's horses were good stock, and they made excellent time over the hard-trodden elers rode into the train.

This advent created as earth road which had been made by countless emigrant wagons

As they went Pete's tongue ran on as rapidly. He was not long in acquainting Bill Grubb, of a long journey, and the teamsters crowded his new friend, with the circumstances that had led to his present enterprise, including all tions.

"William Denton. He's a first cousin of hern.

'And the chap that ran away with her.

if that were his name."
"Colonel Green, eh? And a born devil outand-out. I know him, Pete, like a breeze. And I don't owe him no good wishes, neither.

He was in Independence last week. "Ha!" cried Pete. "See him there?" leader. "Where away, Bill? Jump off your "Bet I did! Mought have had a little scrimmage with him too, only he slid somemore than you. We're going to camp in a The rascal's got a dozen faces and twenty names. Wouldn't wonder if he were with us."

with the train now, under false colors. "What for?" asked Pete, with a startled his horse. look. 'See here, my boy, I'm a man of the

world, and know what stuff men are made of. I will give you a lesson in human natur'. Suppose this young one was put out of the way, who'd be the next relation to her father? "William Denton, so far as I've heard," an-

swered Pete.
"The old man's made mints of money, you say, and it's like he's worn hisself out doing it. S'pose now his darter would drop off, and then he'd drop off. Wouldn't this fellow step a little in for the cash?"

'Reckon so," said Pete. "Bound to, Pete," continued the scout.
"You can bet high that's what the chap's working for. He's got the right help, too, in "You're right there, Bill," was the answer. Colonel Green. The hound's a deeper devil than any Sioux or Cheyenne on the plains.

Now see here: they made a desperate effort, and fell through." around," muttered the boy.
"I'll go a buffalo that Colonel Green is with the train now. The two rascals have got "Ar

their heads together. There ain't no Toledo round here. It's easy to lose a little gal; and there's only the red Injuns to pick her up, if all."

ayune Pete and Nicodemus is around." The man laughed at the combined conceit and earnestness in Pete's tone.

'Think a little chap like you can do anything ag'in' two seasoned hounds like these?" he

hundred yards with a rifle. A man that can't do better than that ain't no better than me. I've got a dorg, here, too, that's some guns of a dorg. Nicodemus ain't very showy, but he's death on a scent. Whether it's a two-legged or a four-legged critter, he's the dorg.

The dog gave his usual answer, barking and capering about the horse's heels.

and a good nose and a sure eye goes for some- at their frugal supper. thing. But I'm afeard you've a hard row to

"I've got more than that," said Pete. "What is it, then?" asked the scout. "I've got a pard that's wuth three like me.

I've got Bill Grubb. The scout laughed, then struck his hand in

"I'm your hoss, Pete," he said. "I don't love the colonel.'

For mile after mile the two comrades journeyed on, the strong, experienced scout, and the slight, earnest lad. For day after day they pursued their route through beautiful but monotonous scenery. Their nights were passed at the adobe dwellings of daring settlers—half fort, half habitation; or were spent in the mild air of the open prairie.

Their meals were made off the diminishing contents of Pete's knapsack, or from fresh game shot in the day's journey. Nicodemus vas alert at stirring up provender for the quick rifle of his master. The scout forebore to use his weapon, leaving the boy every

chance to improve in skill. The valleys of the Big and Little Blue and of the Sandy were passed. The borders of Kanthe Sandy were passed. sas were crossed and Nebraska entered. length they entered the wide valley of the Platte, and the broad, shallow river, up which for many miles their route was to lay, was

spread before them.

The rich soil of the prairies had now sparse grass. They were at last on the true plains, the "Great American Desert" of old

geographers. Leaving Fort Kearney in their rear, they struck out along the Platte. Days of monotonous journeying succeeded, over the thinlylad soil and in sight of the sand-hills of this

important river. Pete was daily growing more versed in his lips. frontier life and border duty, by the interesting tales with which the scout beguiled the

way, and the useful instruction which this experienced companion gave him. They had now reached the buffalo country, and the northward trail of these giant animals were visible everywhere around them, but Pete strained his eager eyes in vain against the horizon for a sight of one of these huge creatures. He was anxious to draw a bead on

larger game than he had yet essayed. The dog barked loudly in response. He looked up at their new friend as if he felt that he objects than those he looked for. White, moving objects were visible against the hori-

The mirage of the plains lifted them up and gave them the strangest shapes.
"There's water ahead there, sure enough, cried Pete. "It's a lake, or a sea; and ships on

"It's a dangerous lake for the man who is thirsty, and deceitful ships for the man who

would sail," replied the scout. "That's the mirage, boy. I've seen it make the queerest things out of a sand-hill or buffalo, and miles THE two new friends jogged on together of water out of a green level. It's very like to cheat young eyes, but I've been there too often

"And that's not water?" asked Pete in sur-

'Not a bit of it. Nor are those ships.

"What are they, then?"
"They are the canvas covers of Joe English's wagons. We'll fetch up with them before dark. "And if I git Minnie Ellis under my eyes

ag'in I'll bet two cows I'll fling the kurnel, let alone the smooth devil that's backin' him up, The scout was right. The brisk-stepping ture with the prairie hen may have given him horses soon brought the wagons into easy view. An hour before sundown the two trav

> This advent created a considerable confusion in the long train, that seemed to stretch for a quarter-mile along the road.

> It was an unexpected break in the monotony round the travelers, asking a hundred ques

the particulars of the abduction.

"What did you say the fellow's name is that's with her?" asked the scout.

Many of them knew Bill Grubb, and greetings resounded on all sides. Past the white-topped wagons, heavily laden with goods, and drawn each by a string of mules, Bill and the boy rode on.

Near the head of the train walked a stal-What was his autograph?" wart, roughly-dressed man, brandishing a long "He called hisself Kurnel Green. Dunno whip in his hand, while a brace of pistols in his belt proved him ready for more perilous

work than driving mules.
"Joe English!" cried the scout, holding out his hand.

"Bill Grubb, or I'm a sinner!" roared the mile more. You've got to spend the night

'Can't say," replied Bill, as he sprung from "Friend of mine here that's looking for somebody in your train. 'Who? This pullet?" asked Joe, roughly

"What do you want, little one? Is it a man, woman or mule? Let's hear from you." "It ain't neither," said Pete.
"What then? That's all we've got here." "You're too rough-spoken, Joe. That's my iend, I told you. You ought to know what

friend, I told you. You ought to know what that means. It is a little gal he's after."
"Ain't got none," growled Joe.
"What!" cried Pete, with a sinking at the heart. "Don't want to say that you ain't got

a little yaller-haired gal, that they call Minnie Ellis, with you?' Ain't got none," repeated Joe

"I'm bound for Santa Fe, you know. They were for Californy. There was ten two-hoss light wagons of them. My mules was a bit d fell through."

too slow, so they struck ahead on the trail.

Picayune Pete and Nicodemus was Lit out at daybreak this morning. Drove light. Reckon they're ten or fifteen mile

"And the yaller-hair with them?" asked "Reckon so, if the Injuns ain't gobbled them

she scapes the wolves."
"I heered something of trouble with the Injuns, Joe," said the scout. "Are they getting

"Mighty oneasy, now, I tell you."
"Who's with the California wagons?" "Tom Wilson."
"Tom, eh? That's clever. He'll bring them

asked.

"I kin try," said Pete. "Hard tryin' ain't take supper and spend the night with you, to be sneezed at. I kin hit a man's head at a Joe. Got to overhaul them wagons, though." What's up? Anything loose?"

Within an hour the wagons were drawn up

sible Indian attack, the stock turned out upon You're two to two then," said the scout, the succulent grass of the plains, and the men We will not detail the camp-fire songs and stories that followed, and that kept off slumber

till late in the night. The next morning dawned bright and mild. The brisk, clear, soft atmosphere of the plains nvigorated the travelers as much as their plentiful breakfast. With many a loud fare vell to the train hands, they rode on, Nicode

mus barking good-by to the canine acquaintnces he had made during the night. The freshened horses stepped out rapidly, and the slow train was ere long dropped below

'There's buffalo," said Bill, pointing to the southward. It was now near noon A dozen dark forms were dimly visible

By blue blazes!" cried Pete, rising in his saddle with enthusiasm. "Let's go for them!"
"We're on another lay now," said Bill, If I ain't mistaken there will be wuss game than buffalo to shoot at before to

What do you mean?" asked Pete. "Nico demus has got a new scent in his snout. Jist look at the dorg. What's afloat?"
"Injuns," was the sententious reply.

Pete was silent in the intensity of his emo-tions. With eyes fixed on the ground he strove to read the signs by which his com panion had traced the passage of the savage dwellers of the plains.

Nothing was visible to his eyes but the trail, changed to a sandy earth, covered with thin, sparse grass. They were at last on the true and hoof-marks. At one side the trail lay the skeleton of an ox. But everywhere along their journey such bleaching bones had been

The scout looked keenly to see how Pete would take this startling announcement. He was pleased with the earnest and fearless look of the boy, and the silent compression of

"Don't see it," was Pete's remark, at length.
"They crossed the trail," said Bill. "I saw
the hoof-marks of their ponies, plain, back Ride a bit out to the left.'

Pete obeyed. About a hundred yards out from the trail his eye caught that which sent the blood pulsing in quick waves through his It was the tracks of a troop of unshod

horses, faintly impressed upon the sandy soil. "Here they go, due west," cried Pete. Plum after our California friends," replied

"No use to follow their trail. We must let out on the emigrant track. Rejoining him, Pete gave reins and heels to his horse, and the two strong animals moved on at a rattling pace.

With hardly a word they rode mile after mile and hour after hour. Noon had long passed, evening was approaching, yet the horizon ahead was still the same unbroken line. "Fifteen or twenty miles' start ain't easy

must ride on till we fetch them."

The sun moved on to its setting, going down behind a long straight line several miles "Water there" said Bill "Trees don't

grow here except along a stream." "Them are trees, sure enough," said Pete.
"And the train won't go far from them," said Bill. "Got to camp near water in these

dry diggin's. Bet the İnjuns are somewhere in that bit of woods. The night had fallen, the twilight passed,

when they reached the tree-lined stream. The moon was just tinging the east, but darkness The forest shed a dense gloom, into which they rode slowly.

Bill. "We've got white men and Injuns both to look out for." He had hardly spoken when a shrill yell broke on the air, seemingly a quarter-mile distant. It was followed by loud reports of fire-

"Steddy now and keerful, Pete," whispered

arms.
"Steddy, Pete," repeated Bill. "There's a desn'rate row ahead. The Injuns have broke desp'rate row ahead. The Injuns have broke in early. Feared of the moon, I judge." Pete trembled with eagerness as he held in his horse at the whispered suggestions of his

companion. They moved forward slowly, soon crossing the shallow stream, and reaching the edge of the woodland.

The firing and shouting ahead redoubled. Cries of white men mingled with the Indian yells. Rifles cracked incessantly. The train had evidently escaped being surprised. "We'd best make a break on them, Pete,' said Bill. "They will think it's reinforce

ments. Injuns can't stand a surprise.' "Look at Nicodemus," said Pete. The faintly-visible dog was moving down

the edge of the woods, his nose to the ground.
"That's only somebody been in after water, said Bill. "Let's follow. It will lead to the

Twenty yards, slowly traversed, and the flashes of rifles became visible, lighting up the dark forms of the combatants. Suddenly a shadowy object emerged from

the darkness, rapidly approaching the wood. Behind it moved a second, which a rifle-flash revealed as an Indian, with upraised hatchet.

The same flash enabled Pete to take quick aim with his pistol. A sharp report followed, and the arm of the savage fell dangling to his

The form in advance dropped something which it held, and sprung for the shadows of Bill urged his horse at full speed upon the

wounded savage, and Pete was about to follow when he saw the dog run up to the fallen obect, and caper round it, with a glad bark. A faint cry, in a familiar childish voice, met his ear at the same instant.

Pete fell, rather than sprung, from his horse, and just as the heavy horse of Bill Grubb rode down the savage, he lifted in his arms the fallen object, around which Nicodemus was still

It was, indeed, a human form, and as he raised it from the ground, a flash lit up the well-re-membered face of Minnie Ellis, her eyes lookng into his with a glad look of recognition, ner arms meeting with a choking clasp round his neck (To be continued—commenced in No. 355.)

that eventful afternoon, little dreaming what would happen before night.

reached the end of a swath. Tom looked around.

ceived a young man leaning over the fence What's up now, Billy?" For he saw by Billy Wilson's face that he had something to communicate. Billy was one of those people you are sure to find in every country place, who know everybody's

Wall, you see, now," began Billy, with a little apologetic cough, as if he appreciated the delicate ground he must venture upon, I don't know 's I orter say anything, but

vor to not keep still." Very likely," answered Tom. "Wall, you see, that Rod Terrill's got back,"

announced Billy. "Is that so?" exclaimed Tom, now begin-ng to be interested in earnest. "When did ning to be interested in earnest.

"Heerd him say so," answered Billy. Heerd him tell the clerk so, down to the store. You know they're awful intimate.
"Yes," answered Tom. "What else d "What else did he

had something more to tell, which he evidently considered of vast importance. "Wall, I heered him say as how he'd come up a-purpose to come to some understandin with Susie Blake," answered Billy, with a sly

twinkle in his eyes. "The deuce!" exclaimed Tom. "Yes; an' he said he'd come up on a week day, so's he could git the start of you," on Billy, who began to feel of as much imporance as if he was a bulletin-board. "He said he knew you didn't go there only Sundays, an' he'd got sick o' hangin' round there, 'thout

there an' axed the question afore you did, he'd be purty likely to come out ahead. "When do you think he'll be likely to go

this time," said Billy. "I'm going to see about it," declared Tom, laying his scythe down in a fence-corner. See here, Billy, don't say anything about

this, will you!" "Of course not, if you say so." "Good," replied Tom; "keep quiet.

Tom had been "keeping company," after a fashion, with Susie Blake for some time. But kiss her. he had never made any proposal of marriage, though he fully intended to do so when he go around to it. He felt quite confident that Suunderstood his intentions pretty well. About six months before, Rodney Terrill had

picked up," said Bill, through his teeth. "The la fancy to Susie, and had been a regular visitor at the Blake farm-house. Tom had felt a little jealous pang occasionally, yet trusted that everything would come out right. About a month previous, Terrill had gone away from that part of the country, and he had congratulated himself on being rid of his rival. But it seemed, from the story Billy Wilson had told, that he had not got rid of him so easily

When Tom got to the top of the hill at the foot of which the Blake farm-house stood, he

saw a buggy at the gate.

"He's ahead of me," groaned Tom. "But I won't back down now."

He climbed the garden fence and went directly to the kitchen. "Good-afternoon," said Miss Keziah, as he made his appearance. Miss Keziah was Susie's aunt, and Tom was quite a favorite with her.

'Come in, won't ye?' "I-I come to see Susie," stammered Tom. "Two young chaps to see one girl, all in the same afternoon," laughed Miss Keziah. "Busi-

ness must be pressin'. "Is she at home?" asked Tom. "She's gone a-berryin' over on the foot o' the

nountain. "I guess I'll hunt her up," said Tom, turning away. "I ed to see her?" "Did you say some one else want-

"Yes," answered Miss Keziah, with a sly wink. "That young Terrill's been inquirin' fer her, an' he's gone to hunt her up, too." Tom waited to hear no more, but struck off

across the garden.
"Say," called out Miss Keziah.

Tom looked around.
"Don't ye go that way," advised Miss Keziah. "'Longest way 'round's allers the surest,' they used to tell me. He's goue that way, an' he'll hev to go right through Josi's sheep paster, an' you know our old wether, don't ye? I sent him that way, 'cause I thought mebbe the old sheep'd like some fun."
"I guess I'll go around," said Tom, laughing. "I hope the old sheep has treed him."

"He has, ef he see him, you can jest be sure," answered Miss Keziah. "He makes it a p'int ' servin' everybody that way that venters nter the paster.' Tom took to the road. It seemed a long way

round the farm, but he accomplished it at last, and reached the berry-patch. It didn't take him very long to find Susie. "Why, Tom Reed," she exclaimed, with one of the prettiest blushes imaginable. "How

you scared me! I don't see how you happened come here."
"Come after berries," exclaimed Tom, feeling a little guilty at telling such a fib.
"Where's your basket?" asked Susie, mis-

hievously. "I forgot it," answered Tom. "Only came for what I wanted to eat. "Oh!" Susie didn't ask any more questions, but she evidently regarded Tom's explanations

as rather unsatisfactory. Tom fell to work and helped Susie fill her basket, all the time keeping watch of an object which had caught his eye in the sheep-pasture below them. Whatever the object was, the sight of it evidently afforded Tom a vast deal of satisfaction, for every time he looked that way his face took on a broad grin.
At last the basket was full.

"I want to ask you a question," said Tom, beginning to feel pale and red, by turns. "Well, what is it?" asked Susie, pretending to be wholly unconscious of any idea concerning the subject-matter of the question Tom

wanted to ask. Though she knew what it was all the time! "Well," began Tom, stammeringly. you see—well, I love you, Susie, and that's the ong and short of it, and I'd like to have you marry me.

Susie blushed now. "It's awful sudden," she said, faintly. "Well, yes, may be 'tis," assented Tom.
"But you've known me a long time, and you
yught to know whether you like me well enugh to marry me." I—I don't know but I do," answered Susie. At which Tom caught her in his arms and

issed her and came very near unsetting her basket of berries. But what was a basket full f berries to a newly-engaged man? It was about half an hour after that, that Susie suddenly remembered that she had promised to get back with the berries for tea.

could go down across lots," said Susie.
"We'll go that way," said Tom. "I ain't So they went down across the sheep-pasture. Seems to me there's some one on that rock," said Tom, as they reached the further end of the lot. "The old sheep's there, and

"If it wasn't for that horrid old sheep, we

into the meadow, and go along the fence, and see who it is.' They did so. 'There is some one there," declared Susie. And he's hugged down tight to the rock, so

we sha'n't see him.

ne seems to be keeping watch. We'll get over

'Hello!" called Tom, half-choking with "I say!" persisted Tom. "Don't you want

'No," was the ungracious reply. "Go on

about your busines Tom sat down and laughed till the tears rolled down his cheeks. "I declare, it looks like Rodney Terrill's coat," said Susie. The object of so much attention was on a large rock, and about it the old sheep, whose butting proclivities were the terror of all who came in contact with him,

was keeping a steady march, evidently determined that his prisoner should not escape
"I guess'tis Terrill," said Tom. "I'll you get out of your scrape, if you say so," he called out to the unfortunate young man. 'Don't want any of your help," answered

on the hill-side, and made up his mind how "All right," answered Tom. "You needn't have it, if you don't want it. "Let him stay there," said Susie. "He'll

Terrill, who had probably seen Tom and Susie

be glad to have some one help him out of it, like enough. And then Tom and Susie went on. When she saw the horse waiting at the gate for his rock-enthroned master, stood all about "matters and things" at once.
"You horrid Tom!" she cried. "I knew

you ashamed of yourself? 'Not at all," answered Tom, who felt bold as a lion now. "I didn't wa start of me. That was all." "I didn't want him to get the "But you knew I didn't care for him," said

you didn't come up there after berries! Aren't

About nine o'clock that night they heard the buggy drive away from the gate, and Miss Keziah laughed for a week afterward, when she thought of it. So did Tom. He could af-

Susie, so archly that Tom felt it his duty to

The Longest Way Round. BY EBEN E. REXFORD. Tom REED was at work in the hay-field

"I say, Tom!" called out a voice from the road, as Tom paused to wipe his face, having

business, and are always retailing gossip, and keeping things "stirred up," as the saying

then ag'in, mebbe it'll be doin' you a sort o' fa-

"This mornin'," answered Billy, delighted at his success. "An' he's goin' up to Blake's this afternoon." "How do you know that?" asked Tom.

tell him?" For he saw by Billy's face that he

knowin' whether 'twas goin' to amount to anything, an' he'd come up to settle it with Susie one way or t'other. An' he thought if he got

over?" asked Tom. 'Shouldn't wonder a mite if he'd started by

He jumped over the fence and set off in the direction of the Blake farm.

come to Kent's Corners. He had taken quite ford to.



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## Sunshine Papers.

## Of the Path Matrimonial.

Not long since, at the end of a charming love-story, I found this sentiment expressed in connection with a young lady who had failed to secure a position she desired; but in its place had gained a husband-"she knew that the other was welcome to the position, forever. for there was nevermore aught for her but love, and ease, and her lover-husband."

Of course, in a love-story, this sounded excessively nice as a terminus to all the hero-ine's trouble; but I could not help wondering if the talented author who wrote thus was inweaving in these words a life-experience of her own, or of any one whom she had known. Can it be, thought I, that one woman among my sisterhood has lived a life so exception among women, so smiled upon by the Fates, as to say from the depths of her own marital experience, to other women, that wedlock holds for young maidens but love, and ease, and lover-husbands? If not—if she is only one of we world of women who know that ever so joyless a maidenhood rarely holds the trials that must come to the wife and mother-is it not a mistaken doctrine to preach to a working-girl audience, concerning a working-girl heroine, that marriage is but a pathway to love, and ease, and chivalrous devotion?

seems to me that already too many false ideas obtain concerning marriage. That already our American youths look too lightly upon this holy sacrament, or regard it too entirely as the gateway to greater freedom, ease and self-indulgence-that already hasty and ill-advised marriages—marriages based upon the most exaggerated and unreal ideas—are too rife among us. Does it not, then, behoove us who wield a pen that will be potent for good or evil among thousands of readers, especially when we write to a class, of the workings of society within that class, not to per meate their minds with utterly erroneous ideas? Is it wise for us to represent to young wome

that marriage is all moonshine and sentiment? would I

the air be a trifle less golden row, for your so that all the money I earned I made.

knowledge of the truth, the result may save My first lecture was given in the Grigsville you from such bitter pain as would surely be yours, were you to build them upon such insecure foundations as that when the day shall come that finds you with all your future stak-ed upon them, they shall fade utterly away. Dream as tenderly as you choose of future wifehood and motherhood, but do not flatter yourself that when you leave your maiden hood behind you, to enter these newer spheres, you will find therein only a devoted husband, an easeful life, and cherubic offspring.

Bless you, my dears! marry you never so fascinating a lover, or even be you, as is most unlikely, the two out of a thousand who marry rather out of their sphere and make what is popularly called-where there is considerable money in the case—"a good match," you will not find your future a paradise. There will be times when the best of husbands will be moody or cross; when the best of babies will moan all night or shriek all day; when the best of servants will leave on short notice, or prove wholly unattainable; when the best-ordered house, and the best-regulated business, and the best-governed temper will meet with vexa-tions. And if any damsel is dreaming of a lover-husband, pray let her be warned in time that, though there does, occasionally, such a creature exist outside of a sentimental book, if he is a man at all worthy of a woman's worship he will be, also, a man who will often need the help of a woman's hand and mind, the sympathy of a woman's heart, and the care and comfort and soothing of a woman's tender ways; for, where the marriage is a lovemarriage, the wife must expect little ease, and be ready to claim no more petting, nor help, nor sympathy, nor indulgence, from her husband than she is willingly ready to bestow. Even in the early months of marriage it is no easy task for two lives and dispositions to harmoniously accord—supplementing, one the other, with patient forbearance and unselfishness, until the two become, truly, "one

To the true woman, marriage indeed represents love and happiness; but, it will be love and happiness gained through self-renunciation, burden-bearing, and the mutual sympa-thy of two loyal but erring, and therefore human hearts. A Parson's Daughter.

#### FIRESIDE FANCIES.

THE good old open fireplaces, with their blazing wood-fires, are about fading out of existence, and with their decease will die out much of comfort, enjoyment and romance, for there was a great deal of romance in them Bright and brilliant castles have been built in them; bright and gleesome fairies seemed to dance among the sparks; the old logs were like giants, gaunt and grim, whom the fairies of fire delighted to torment. When the twilight was fast deepening into dark-what old folks style "blind man's holiday"--it was cozy to draw one's big arm-chair before the fire give way to pleasant visions and fireside fancies, and shape pictures and faces there, some times such as we had viewed in real life, and others like nothing earthly. Grand old castles, miniature battle scenes, wedding and funeral processions—one scene following another with as many marvelous changes as there are in the bewildering transformation pageant of a theatrical spectacle.

Then we seem to see the days of "Auld Lang Syne," when the merry men brought in the yule log for Christmas-time. Of course this takes us back to the merry days of English hospitality, for the English have always been apt to make more of the holy season than we Americans; their hearts have always seemed to enter more into the spirit of the festival. We seem to see the carol-singers going their rounds, bidding good cheer to others and singng hymns of One who came to save.

Then comes before us the picture of a bar-onial hall, where gallant knights and ladies gay are dancing the "stately minuet," and where lights are in such profusion as almost to turn night into day. Perhaps imagination will lead us to fancy we can see some gay courtier sitting in one corner, making love to some fair maiden—telling the old, old story, so often told, so many times repeated, and which to many never seems trite or stale. There may be different styles and fashions of love-making but it is only love after all. The words are se often repeated they must be sweet to tell and sweet to listen to. We haven't time to notic whether the knight's countenance wears a lu gubrious expression because of a rejection, or is illuminated with smiles because the answer is a favorable one, ere the scene change

This time we are under the earth among the mines, where numerous little lights attached to the caps of the miners send forth a dim radiance here and there. We can almost see the hardy men with pickax and shovel, digging away for life among their grimy companions and we almost wish that diamonds were being dug for us, until we fancy our wishes are com ing true, and we behold an old man, wearing the appearance of an aged god of mythology approaching us with a diamond worth many thousands of dollars, and we are about to ac cept it when the big log divides in the center

and we are transported into another realm.

Now we are under the waves of the ocean sporting among mermaids, dolphins, and such notable creatures, dancing, skipping, flying, as though we were as much at home as upon dry land. We find pretty mermaids flirting with the mermen, and the old story of love is being retold here. Everything seems happy here and it ought to be so, because we are assured there is no happiness where love is not. 'Tis a lesson easily learned, and few there are who have not studied the mystic book and conned its pages o'er, to learn at last that to love is to be human and oftentimes immortal.

And when these visions have flitted by, one by one, and the fire has gone out, and naught but blackened logs remain, I don't conjure up visions of wrecked hopes, hopeless loves, wasted lives and broken hearts, or of lives that have been of brilliant prospects to die out and eave nothing but a black record behind them.

That may be very romantic, but when the fire has gone my romance has departed with it, and I take a more practical view of the cas and that is-if I would not take a violent cold by sitting fireless, I had best retire in time; so I say "good-night" to the old hearth, and feel grateful for the pleasure I have taken in my fireside fancies. EVE LAWLESS.

## Foolscap Papers.

My Lecturing Tour This Winter.

It was only for recreation, and money, that Dear girl readers, not for one instant I started out this winter to lecture, having utter a word that should put an prepared several intensely scientific lectures. end to your dreams of future wifehood. designed expressly to be delivered before Neither would I willingly detract from crowded houses. I was independent of the

their roseate coloring; but if your castles in Lecture Bureaus, and went on my own hook,

Opera House. The night was very large. The front seats were all there, and in a row. The boxes all opened out on the stage, and were very quiet. The means of egress were ample in case of a fire, and I saw there could possibly be no danger of a jam, and everybody could get out quick, and comfortably; and the aisles were perfectly clear. There were fully one thousand seats in the house. You can form some idea of the size of the audience when tell you that in one single row of twenty-six chairs seventeen persons were packed!! other chairs were actually crowded-against each other. The man who filled the gallery relieved my mind by saying he thought he would be in no danger of being squeezed to death. The audience kept such breathless silence that if you had listened you could have heard a rolling-pin drop; you actually could have heard a drop of whisky-barrel. There was a brilliant assembly of gas-jets. It was a mammoth house that night, as large as ever it was; so I was informed by persons who had been in it before, and knew what they affirm-All the back seats seemed to be reserved. One man could have actually counted the au dience. As the immense remainder of the crowd was so slow coming, I got mad, and vowing I wouldn't wait for them, as there were already something over four hundred fingers and toes present, I began my lecture. The following report in the Morning Eye-Opener speaks for itself, and me: "Everybody

in the Opera House last night turned out to hear the lecture by Whitehorn. The lecture was very large, and the people numbered from one to seventy-five years. If we had not had a free ticket we would not have got in at all, which speaks well for the size of the crowd, in deed, and almost everybody who did not get there, missed hearing the lecture, and those present assure us that they got as much as they paid for, and a good deal more. The lecture was so good that half of it would have done and Mr. Whitehorn fairly stirred up the audience—those whom he failed to stir up, the usher did; though there was actually no more than half the audience asleep at one time. We never heard a lecturer who could keep the crowd in such serene repose, and the chairs are very excellently cushioned there; the crowd could have staid there all night, and most of them would have done so, but the sexton said he wanted to lock up, and that they must wake up. Mr. W. is a master of the En glish language, and as such, puts it into any shape he pleases. His sentences are all full of words, and his expressions overflow with the tones of his voice. What his theories lack in correctness they make up in incorrect-ness. The whole lecture was full of the finest intellectual punctuation points. Everything that was heard in the lecture reached clear to the ears, and the only thing which seemed to mar any of his fine thoughts was the snoring of noses, which only answered for applause. Four thousand citizens who staid away missed the best part of the sublime lecture. It was Mr. W.'s loss. He showed the true course of Evolution, in all its systematic changes. He pictured the frog as an egg, and the egg as a tadpole, the tadpole as a frog, and the frog as a monkey, the monkey as an ape, the ape as an orang-outang, and eventually, that animal as finely developed into a man, with no tailor's bills, or mothers-in-law, and his pockets full of noney. Whenever he would come to a pause the people would wake up to stamp their feet—the room was quite cold. Mr. W. is as easy on a stage as a stage-driver, and the buttons off his vest show to fine effect. He has a voice of great power and volume-12 mo., price \$1.50, bound to be heard. The bouquete which were not thrown upon the stage were of the finest and rarest sort, and the man who whistled continually was put out. We hope when he is out on the road again that he may pass through our town again.

Out of the five dollars taken in-besides myself -I paid the hall rent, \$25; advertising, \$10, and bill-posting, \$4. My landlord took a liking to my valise; it was just the kind that he wanted, he said. He had been gen kind, and I had fed at his table. I felt grate-I could not refuse to present him with the coveted valise, out of pure compa ne accepted it with gladness, and I left Grigs-

ville with many regrets. At Albany the hall was filled full-of smoke The audience being small I had to make my bill correspondingly large, and charged each one four dollars apiece. They paid it without a murmur—and said they deserved to pay that much, and more; but I only asked that. They departed highly satisfied, and offered even to irnish me with a conveyance out of town, not a slow conveyance, they said, but a fast one

At Utica everybody turned out to hear mebut they happened to turn out the gas; and the andlord of my hotel said if I would leave my watch with him he would get it fixed, and it would run as well as my bill.

At Syracuse I had a very full house-every oody who was there was full. Some of my audience were affected to tears, and a gre number were so overcome by my pathos that they groaned frequently. After the lecture ] also had to groan, because the ticket-seller went off without leaving the cash, or his note, with approved security. I proceeded, without the proceeds, to Buffalo, where I lectured to a se so full of seats that there was not room to put another chair in. I generously donated the proceeds as part payment for the hall, and the inevitable landlord kindly said he would take care of my overcoat until I came back, and hoped I would bring the check back.

At Troy thousands turned out to hear me, but they found out that I charged, and then they turned in again. Still I had a very respectable audience—it was one preacher, a member of the Legislature, and the janitor. They said that their thousands of friends who hadn't time to come had hired them, on a com-mission, to come in their place. They did it. In half an hour somebody naturally inquired for fire, and they all left, but the fire had gone

out long before they did.

At Newburgh over three thousand persons failed to come. In the hall the town was well represented by-the manner in which it was finished. There was an elegant gathering of -curtains; but the lecture was postponed on account of the weather; they had more weather than money. The largest part of the audience could not come. They figured up their loss at thousands of dollars. I am glad of it. The andlord hated to see me go. He almost wept. He felt sorry that I had not made expenses, and sympathized with me. He almost felt that my loss was his loss. He had a sensitive soul. I made some money by the lecturing tour, say one hundred dollars, but my expenses, four hundred dollars, came near eating it up.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

If a man be sincerely wedded to truth, he

## Topics of the Time.

—The Duke of Edinburgh wears, it is solemnly rumored, a bracelet on one wrist—a chain cable of gold—and is striving to set the fashion of such decoration. Our young bandbox 'ladies' men,' who part their hair in the middle and swing a rattan cane, will be pleased to hear this

—George W. Bruce met a grizzly bear near Santa Cruz, Cal., and a fight began promptly. The man stabbed and shot the bear, the bear broke the man's ribs by squeezing him, and then both retreated, apparently satisfied to especially articles. California is the place California is the place cape without a victory.

-A Chinaman thus explained to a reporter —A Chinaman thus explained to a reporter the object of the Celestial Order of Freemason-ry: "One Chinyman—he bad—steal—he belong—put him out. S'pose Chinyman lazy—no work—put out. S'pose good—work, no steal—he sick—we pay; he die, we catchee box and put him in!"

—A Kentucky woman is mother of eighteen children, nine having blue eyes and light hair and nine having dark eyes and dark hair. Seventeen of the children have married and have families, and the mother visits them yearly. While her visits continue some of the families have the blues, and when her visits cease some of them nurse black eyes.

—In 1870 the Presbyterian Synod of the Pacific, embracing California, Oregon, Nevada, Washington, and Idaho Territories, reported 74 ministers and 61 churches. In 1876 it reported 130 ministers and 123 churches, has nearly doubled during that time, and they have increased the last four years at the rate of one for creased the last four years at the rate of one for each month.

—A young girl, now living in the Rue Voltaire, in Bordeaux, France, who was born without arms, uses her mouth in the most extraordinary manner. She can write with the greatest facility, can thread the finest needle, embroider, knit, do crochet work, mark linen, etc. with marvelous regularity, and can even with her mouth tie a sailor's knot.

—After George Washington returned from the Braddock expedition, it is known that he asked a young lady to marry him, and was refused. Mary Phillipes is the name of the lady who, a century ago and more, missed the opportunity of having her picture hung upon the wall of every well-regulated home from Maine to Texas. In this instance, not Mary, but Martha, chose the better part.

—A young Baltimore man told his wife that he had embezzled several hundred dollars of his employers' money, and she said that by close economy they could save enough to refund the amount, and thus save his credit. When they had, by hard pinching, accumulated the required sum the husband added that to the stolen money, and eloped with a girl, as he had intended to do from the first.

—A London paper states as a fact, but gives no names, that the head manager of one private bank in London receives a salary of \$150,000 per annum, and the two assistant managers \$50,000 each. The managers of the other principal London banks receive salaries varying from \$25,000 to \$50,000 a year, the smallest of which sums is larger then is paid to any banker in sums is larger then is paid to any banker in America. We pay to our President, Cabinet, Supreme Court Judges, Senators, etc.—our very highest public functionaries—salaries that a London banker would laugh at.

—Is a resident of Texas a Texan or a Texian?
That is the little question which the Texas papers are now wrangling over. The pronunciation of the name of the hero of San Jacinto is regarded as settled forever. Out of Texas it may be House-ton, but in Texas it is always Hewston. be House-ton, but in Texasit is always Hewston. The most troublesome letter in American no-menclature is the "s." If mass meetings could be held in St. Louis and Louisville, or a special election be held, and the question be determined whether the "s" in those names shall be sound-ed or not, it would be, in the language of the stump, a precious boon to the whole common-wealth.

wealth.

—Statistics have been recently furnished in regard to the size and development of Americans, which are of interest. They serve to dissipate a good many unfounded notions that have crept into the general mind, and have obtained wide credence. These statistics were compiled from those taken in examining men for the army. Toward the close of the war, when the average age of soldiers was the highest, there were examined 10,162 men, of whom 6,359 were native born, 580 Canadians, 454 Englishmen, 1,417 Irishmen, and 1,343 Germans. The mean hight of the Americans was the greatest, 5 feet 7.29 inches; of the Canadians, 5 feet 7.5 inches; of the Fighlishmen, 5 feet 6,3 inches; of the Irishinches; of the Canadians, 5 feet 7.5 inches; of the Englishmen, 5 feet 6.3 inches; of the Irish-men, 5 feet 6.5 inches; of the Germans, 5 feet, 5.9 inches. The difference between the German

—who were shortest—and the Americans—who were tallest—was almost two inches. -The Empress of Austria organized a staghunt the other day near Pesth, and the madder aumit the other day hear resth, and the madden-ed animal, swimming through a pond, made its way into the city. The Empress, accom-panied by Baroness Wallersee, Baroness Ed-elsheim-Gyulai, and Princess Rosa Hohenlohe, took part in the chase with fierce delight and was "in at the death," when the poor creature broke down on the Hunyady-place. A large number of people, attracted by the clattering noise of the large and splendid cavalcade which careered along with its yelping pack of hounds, had assembled in the streets, in utter astonish-ment at such an extraordinary spectacle. On the approach of the wild chase the crowd turned aside, somewhat terrified by the furious charget t was a mere chance that some of the numero children just going to school were not ridden down. Nice sport, truly, for "refined" women

—A few months ago retail merchants in San Francisco, Virginia City, and other cities on the Pacific slope were unwilling to take the trade tollar at a valuation of 90 cents. In the mining districts they were compelled to regulate the gold dollar artificially, by agreeing not to regold dollar artificially, by agreeing not to receive it over their counters except at a certain discount. Speculators were quick to take advantage of the depreciation of the "trades" by buying them up for the China and Japan trade and withdrawing them from circulation. The rise in silver in London has brought them up to par, and it is now thought that they will command a premium in San Francisco before long. The latest rate of silver per standard ounce is 56d, being an advance in the London market of 10d. from the quotations of July 10. The scarcity of fine silver in London and San Francisco, the infrom the quotations of July 10. The scarcity of fine silver in London and San Francisco, the in-creased demand from China and the East Indies, the diminished yield on the Pacific coast, and the action of Germany in refusing to sell silver under 55d., all point to a marked advance in this

London, Conn., paper says: "Referring back to our files we find that in 1172 the temperature was so high that leaves came out on the trees in In 1289 the weather was equally February. In 1289 the weather was equally mild, and the maidens of Cologne wore wreaths of violets and corn flowers at Christmas and Twelfth Day. In 1421 the trees flowered in the I welfth Day. In 1421 the trees flowered in the nonth of March, and the vines in the month of April. Cherries ripened in the same month of April. Peaches appeared in May, and little lacys began to fall out of apple trees a little lacer. In 1572 the trees were covered with leaves in January, and the birds hatched their young in Fabriary as in 1172. In 1586 the same thing in February, as in 1172. In 1586 the same thing was repeated, and it is added that the corn was in ear at Easter. To the best of our memory there was in France neither snow nor frost throughout the winters of 1538, 1607, 1609, 1617, and 1659. Finally, in 1662, even in the north of Germany, the styles was not lighted trees. Germany, the stoves were not lighted, trees flowered in February, and out-door bouquets were showered on the newspaper offices without number. It seems but as yesterday. Coming to later dates, the winter of 1846-47, when it thundered at Paris on the 28th of January, and must make up his mind to find her a portion-less virgin, he must take her for herself alone. Seine, may be mentioned as very mild.

## Readers and Contributors.

Accepted: "Heaven is Better than Gold;" "A Happy Heart;" 'Trifles;" "Serenade;" "When Dreams Come True;" "A Lover's Dream Come True;" "Wooing"

Declined: "Wise in Her Day;" "A Deadly Encounter;" "The Price of a Woman's Folly;" "The Voyage;" "Farewell;" "The Minnesota;" "Almost Sold;" "The World's Good Way;" "L'Amour;" What Has Been, etc.;" "Frank Pemberton's Misaka."

Bones. "Great Extarminator" is in twenty numers-price six cents eac

F. H. M. Any good bookseller will supply the dictionary. Cost according to edition and binding. tionary. Cost according to edition and binding.

To AUTHORS. Again must we remind authors that all manuscript designed for publication in any paper or magazine must be fully prepaid at full letter rates—three cents for each half-ounce. Almost every mail brings MSS, prepaid at the old "book rates." As double the unpaid postage is collected of the receiver, in many cases, publishers generally are permitting all MSS, underpaid in postage to go to the Dead Letter Office. Our contributors and correspondents will, therefore, please be very careful to fully prepay every inclosure to us. That alone will assure its reception and consideration by us.

WILD BILL. The sketch is very clever of its kind. WILD BILL. The sketch is very clever of its kind, but we are more than supplied with such matter. As to the serial, judging by your indication of its nature, we must discourage its submission to us for reading.

OLD SUB. There is no cure for an oily skin but to orrect the secretions. A temporary cleansing can e given by use of soda or borax in the water. Keep he latter in the shape of powder, and use it daily.

RILEY M. There are stages running from Cheyenne (on the Pacific railroad) to Deadwood City. Consult any general ticket agent for cost. It would seem from report that miners are doing well, but the adventure is a serious and rather expensive

one.

LAURA. Your friend is correct as to the source of Miss B.'s inordinate flesh growth. Abstention from the cause will correct a continued growth. A pleasure proper in moderation becomes an abuse when carried to excess. Inform yourself on the matter, for your own guidance.

CECILE. If your admirer's sister dislikes you, you can only bear with it, but do not, in any way, resent it. It will give him pain, and perhaps bring about an alienation—just what the sister probably wants, if she has a little scheme of her own to work out, as she doubtless has.

out, as she doubtless has. out, as she doubtless has.

ORIAN. The advertisements in the "News" may be honest enough, yet we advise no person to trust such methods of information. You cannot afford to take the risks.—We see no objection whatever to the room-mate plan. A nice companion will make many an evening pass pleasantly that otherwise would be very dull to two agreeable persons. As you can safely try the experiment don't let a false self-denial prevent.

self-denial prevent.

Miss Mark Ellis writes: "If I am addressing invitations for a party to a family where there are several brothers and sisters of the name of Brown, should I send an invitation to each or the 'Misses Brown' and 'Messrs. Brown? or, if addressing one to the elder sister, should it be simply Misses Brown, or should her given name be added?" You should send a separate invitation to each brother and sister whose presence you desire. The eldest sister should be addressed merely as Miss Brown; to the other invitations you add the Christian name, as Miss Virginia Brown, Miss Kate Brown, Mr. George Brown, etc.

CHABLIE O G. Poughkeensie writes: "Will you

CHARLIE O. G., Poughkeepsie, writes: CHARLIE O. G., Poughkeepsie, writes: "Will you please tell me on what occasion, aside from in church or at an entertainment, a gentleman should remove his hat?"—When a gentleman meets a lady in any public building, or place of business and stops to speak with her, he should remove his hat, and remain with head uncovered until she passes on. In an art gallery, restaurant, or at any public meeting, or place where ladies form part of the assemblage, gentlemen should doff their hats.

gentlemen should doff their hats.

CLUCAS asks: "If a gentleman is walking with a friend, and friend number two comes along and walks with him also; and friend number one and friend number two are unacquainted, and the gentleman did not introduce them, would he not be acting in a very rude manner?" No, not necessarily. The rules of etiquette do not make an introduction, in such a case, imperative; and it should not be given unless the gentleman is quite assured that his two friends will be agreeable acquaintances, one to the other, and that they will feel no objections to being introduced. A person, in giving an introduction, becomes, to a degree, responsible—socially—for his friend's character.

Miss H. H., Poughkeensie, writes: "A lady friend

an introduction, becomes, or a togree, responsible—socially—for his friend's character.

Miss H. H., Poughkeepsie, writes: "A lady friend attended a church wedding. The usher showed her to a pleasant seat, but without the cord. A few moments after he left her she arose, and herself chose a seat within the cord. Do you think her action was a proper one? We have had quite a discussion on the subject; and she asserts that as she was entitled to a seat there she was perfectly justified in taking it herself." Your friend was mistaken. If she was entitled to a seat within the cord, among the relatives and intimate friends of the bridal couple, she should so have informed the usher when he first escorted her to a seat, and she saw that it was not a right one. But having once taken the seat which the usher gave her, she should have retained it, by all means.

Rosa W. W. asks for a recipe for Roman punch.

Rosa W. W. asks for a recipe for Roman punch, and adds: "Do you think that would be sufficient to offer as a drink, with choice cake, at an informal and small gathering of intimate friends for an evening?" If you use the punch as an iced drink, merely, and are sure that all of your friends will like it, it will be sufficient. Make as follows: Whip the whites of two eggs and add half a pound of powdered sugar; with this mix the juice of two oranges, three large cups full of good lemonade, one glass of champagne, and one of rum. Ice it abundantly. Or this may be frozen and used as an ice.

ROLAND M. M. writes: "Will you tell me how I can commence to pay particular attentions to a young lady whom I merely know, in a social way, well enough to greet with a bow and the usual passing salutations? When a gentleman is escorting a lady, upon a horse-car or ferryboat, should he give up his seat to another lady?" Next time that you meet the lady ask permission to call upon her, and if permitted try to be very agreeable, and follow up the acquaintanceship thus commenced by other visits and invitations to such entertainments as you think will please her.—Give up your seat, if ladies are standing.

ALFRED GOODSELL writes: "I had occasion, while pursuing a certain course of study, to live some six months at the house of an uncle, where I had two young lady cousins. I regarded my cousins and created them as I did my sisters at home; and when left asked them both to correspond with me. Only the younger compiled with my request. A few months later I visited them and playfully reproved my elder cousin for not designing to write to we months later I visited them and playfully reproved my elder cousin for not deigning to write to me. She made some joking answer about not poaching on her sister's manor. I should not have thought much of that, had I not been forced to see that all the family treated my visit as made especially to my younger cousin. From various circumstances then, and many extravagantly affectionate phrases in her letters, I am sure my cousin loves me; and that the family know it, and desire to encourage it. What ought I to do? I have never made the slightest love to her in that way, and for some years have had in mind a young girl whom I desire to make my wife, as soon as she is out of school, if I can gain her affection." Do not encourage your cousin in any way. If you continue your correspondence with her, let the letters be only very occasional, and in no degree personal; and, if possible, avoid visiting the house for a long time. As soon as you feel warranted in doing so, you had better tell her, in a brotherly manner, of your future desires.

House-Wiff asks: "Will you kindly tell me what

warranted in doing so, you had better tell her, in a brotherly manner, of your future desires.

House-Wiff asks: "Will you kindly tell me what you think of my case, whether I could have acted differently, and how I can make matters right between myself and my friends? Several Sunday evenings ago my sister-in-law called on me, accompanied by her brother. I knew she expected to remain to tea, and had she been alone should have asked her; but did not think I had things in the house nice enough to ask the young gentleman to stay, so gave them no invitation. My sister-in-law has not called on me since, and has treated me with the greatest coolness." Your first mistake is a very general one among housekeepers—that of thinking that you must set a very unusual and fine table whenever you have a visitor. A truly sensible and good housekeeper should never have a meal placed upon her table that is not sufficiently decent to enable her to invite any chance visitor to partake thereof. You should go on the principle that nothing is too good in the way of service and food for the members of the home circle. If, then, you make it a rule to have the table laid, neatly, with a comfortable amount of well-cooked, wholesome food, you need never be ashamed to invite any friend to sit down and partake with you. If you had anything in the house that evening for your own meul, as a true hostess, you should have invited your sisterin-law and her brother to remain and share it with you. As it is, you had best explain the circumstances and apologize to your sister as soon as possible, and henceforth be guided by our advice.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear

#### COASTING WITH THE GIRLS.

BY MARO O. ROLFE.

Of all the pleasures in this life,
The one that leads the rest—
One that combines the best of all,
And which I love the best—
Is coasting on a winter night.
My brain so madly whirls,
When on a lovely, monlit eve
I'm coasting with the girls!

The snow was brightly glistening,

And flying from the sled—
I sat behind and guided it,
While Susie sat ahead;
And as we glided down the hill,
She laughed and shook her curls—
And then I thought how nice it was,
This coasting with the girls!

Some way her hand slid into mine,
Just how, I cannot tell;
And then, my arm got round her waist,
(A mystery as well)
And then, I believe, I stole a kiss
From gleesome Susie Searles,
And thought how very pleasant 'twas—
This coasting with the girls!

I think I quite forgot the sled,
And where it ought to go;
For when I got my senses back—
(And they came pretty slow)
I found that I was in a drift,
And so was Susie Searles,
Whe asked me, archly, if I liked
Such coasting with the girls!

I answered "Yes," and lifted her Out of her bed of snow.
She asked me, when I set her down:
"What made you hold me so?
I'm sure, Phil, you were very long in smoothing out my curis!"
I told her that 'twas ever thus
When coasting with the girls!

Of all the pleasures of my life, The one that I loved best— What ever in my mem'ry dwells Far brighter than the rest— Was coasting on a winter night
With pretty Susie Searles!
And if you wish such happiness,
Go coasting with the girls!

## Great Captains. BOSCAWEN

#### The Admiral who Always was Ready.

In Boscawen the British navy finds one of the brightest exemplars of that dogged devo-tion to duty which Blake instated. Afloat or Boscawen met the French fleet off New Foundashore the true Briton answers to the injunction "England expects every man to do his duty" with a sturdy huzza! It was no French elan that led the famous Cavalry Charge at Balaklava, when the "noble Six Hundred" rode literally into the jaws of death, but a stern obedience to orders, even though those orders were known to be a mistake. It has been exemplified on land and sea in a hundred fights that a British soldier is a human machine that has no individual will, but moves, unquestioning and unmurmuring, as the master directs. Through all grades of her service implicit obedience to a superior is Her Majesty's subjects' first and last law. Indeed, the very expression - "Her Majesty's subjects" - implies as much:—every man who serves under the British flag is a subject, a servant, to a Breton; but, after numerous delays and enorsystem as exacting in its demands for submission and obedience as the inflexible tyranny of force at Halifax, the whole enterprise was the Turk. And the captain who treads a abandoned on learning that Louisbourg was British deck, secure in his authority over every | too strong for attack. soul on his ship, owes much to Boscawen, who reduced sea discipline to an art, and made the seaman not an automatic man, but a piece of hands and this ended that campaign—humilihuman mechanism that can be trusted, when ating to all Englishmen, and discouraging to ever set in motion, until it breaks.

Edward Boscawen, second son of Hugh Lord Viscount Falmouth, was born August 19th, as director of the British Cabinet, and almost 1711. Being a second son he, of course, was at once compelled to "shift for himself"—the law of change. primogeniture giving to the eldest son all the estate. He, therefore, entered the navy at a dered against Louisbourg, consisting of one estate. He, therefore, entered the navy at a dered against Louisbourg, consisting of one very early age, but did not, like Nelson, attain hundred and fifty-one ships—vessels-of-war and a captaincy before his majority. At twenty-one he was first lieutenant of the Hector frigate, and in 1740 was given the captaincy of the 20-gun ship Shoreham, of Admiral Ver-non's fleet, bound for the "Spanish Main"— land forces. This expedition left England in the American coast opposite the West India Islands. Great Britain, being then at war with Spain, was striking at the Spaniards' sea trade and crippling their commerce as the surest means of injury. Vernon's operations along the Gulf coast in 1741 resulted in a fierce sea and land attack on Puerto Bello, or the Isthmus of Darien, in which Boscawen performed brilliant service; and at the seige of Carthagena, which soon followed, he led a body of sailors in an assault on a shore battery of fifteen 24-pounders, over a field exposed to the sels; so a landing of the troops and artillery raking fire of another battery. The tars, cutlass in hand, scaled the fascines and won the battery. In the attack on the Boca Chica forts Lord Beaucluse being killed, Boscawen succeeded in the command of his fine ship—the

Prince Frederick, of 70 guns. These exploits gave the captain considerable ome celebrity. The fleet having returned to home celebrity. England (1742), he was honored by an election to the Commons, from Truso, in Cornwall—the not uncommon method of expressing popular regard for the successful sea or land captain. Boscawen also married the same year, and proposed to "settle down" as a gentleman commoner, but the war with France brought every naval officer to his post. George II. had. by his interference in continental affairs, encouraged the French to the favorite scheme of an "invasion" of England, and in support of burning craft at once fired the great ship 'the Pretender's" claim to the crown of England and Scotland, a powerful land and naval force organized for a descent on the English Admirals Rowley, Morris and Warren were on the alert, with all the available English naval force, and so busily employed the French, along their own coasts, as to put them almost wholly on the defense. Boscawen, taking command of the Dreadnaught, of 60 guns, met the French frigate Medea in April (1744), and after a brilliant action of nearly two hours, captured the Frenchman, and bore his prize with 800 prisoners into Spithead. It was the first capture from the French that year, and gave Boscawen additional popularity. commander of the Medea, Captain (afterward singular humiliation of falling three times into

No signal general engagement in this war with France occurred until in 1747, when Admiral Anson's squadron met the French off Cape Finnisterra. Boscawen, as Captain of the Namur, of 74 guns, then greatly distinguished Ten French ships-of-war were cap-Boscawen was wounded by a musket tured. ball in the shoulder in his close quarter combat with his antagonist, whose ship he carried,

Boscawen's hands in the course of their respec-

eventually, by boarding.

These services were followed by his promotion to be rear admiral of the blue, and he was also made commander-in-chief of the sea and and forces sent to India. With six ships of the line, five frigates and two thousand troops he satled for India (Nov., 1747), and appeared before Pondicherry in the hot month of July, garrisons, crews and troops, amounting to 6,000

(1748)—two months later than had been designed, having been delayed by an exceedingly stormy passage and detentions to refit. He put his men ashore at once below Pondicherry, and proceeded to its siege, but sickness among the men, unused to such a climate, forced him to retreat to Fort St. David, from whence he had started. The enemy assailed him with fierce fury, but the retreat was admirably conducted. He then dropped down before Madras, which the French had taken in 1744 and strongly fortified. News of the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1749, having reached the place as Boscawen approached, the English took peaceful occupancy of the place. The admiral returned to England to find that he had been promoted to be rear admiral of the white.

Boscawen's organizing talent having become conspicuous he was made (1751) one of the Lords of the Board of Admiralty, an elder brother of Trinity House, and was once more returned to the Commons from Truro.

He saw no further active service until 1785, when Admiral Mostyn and himself were dispatched to intercept a powerful French fleet, destined for service against the English colonies in North America. Our own "old French-Indian War" was then about to burst forth—really a struggle for the possession, by France, of all the country west of the Alleghany Mountains, over which the French claimed domain by priority of discovery by Joliet, Father Marquette and La Salle. The English colonists from Virginia and Pennsylvania, overstepping the mountains, began to make surveys and settlements in the Ohio or North-west territory, as well as what is now Western Pennsylvania; whereupon the French planted a line of forts or posts from Niagara to Fort Duquesne (now Pittsburg). This occu-pancy, and the peremptory demand of the Governor of Canada for the "Ohio Company" of trappers and traders to leave all its stations resulted in the colonists raising troops to expel the French. This precipitated the war. Great Britain, of course, responded to the call of the colonists; their cause was her own; and a force under General Braddock was sent to Virginia to proceed against Fort Duquesne, while Boscawen and Mostyn, as stated, sailed for the mouth of the St. Lawrence, to intercept a fine fleet France had gathered to transport a strong force, under Baron Dieskau, to Canada. Braddock marched to his work only to be land, but so wide was the sea, and so well conducted the fleet, that most of the squadron escaped. The English succeeded in closing in with and capturing two of the French shipsof-war—Hoquart again falling into Bosca-wen's hands to be borne, once more, to Spit-head. For this service he received the thanks of the Commons

The war in America against the French proceeded from bad to worse. The campaign of 1756 was a disgraceful failure, leaving the French Marquis de Montcalm master of the situation in Northern New York. The campaign of 1757 opened by the advent of Admiral Holbourn with a good fleet to co-operate with Lord Loudon in an expedition against the good earth fortress of Louisbourg, Isle of Cape

The English were defeated in Northern New

The great William Pitt now came into power at once all branches of the service felt the The navy was put into a state of transports—and fourteen thousand troops. Boscawen, now admiral of the blue, was in February, 1758, rendezvoused at Halifax, and June 2d was before Louisbourg.

Louisbourg was then garrisoned by 2,500 regulars and 600 provincials, and commanded by the Chevalier de Drucourt—an able and ex perienced officer. Its splendid harbor was de fended, on the water, by five ships-of-the-line, one 50-gun ship and five frigates, while the harbor entrance was further protected by three ships sunk in the channel. This obstruction made entry impossible to Boscawen's ves This was effected safely under cover of Bosca wen's guns, and Wolfe with 2,000 men seized the height called Lighthouse Point. This com manded both the shipping and the town, and brought the whole post under fire. Additional troops, with strong detachments of sailors were detailed to the land work, for a regular approach" was the only feasible means of overcoming the main fortress. Boscawen was exceedingly active and vigilant, both on shore and on his vessels. He finally attempted the destruction of the ships in the harbor. First he sent in a bomb ketch, which easily passed the obstructions. It was then set on fire, and borne in by the strong tide, it struck one of the largest of the ships that rode in the direct channel, at anchor. The terrific flame of the in a few moments, was all aflame, giv ing its crew barely time to escape in the small boats or by swimming. The ship's guns one after another discharged, sending havoc all around. Soon the magazine was reached when an explosion followed that shook the very earth, and the far-flying burning timbers and planks fell upon the other ships, firing two of them, and they shared the fate of their con

This signal success was quickly followed by Boscawen's second adventure, which was send in a strong detachment of men, in small boats, to "cut out" one or more of the re maining vessels-of-war. Six hundred volun teers went in at night. They swarmed over Admiral) Hoquart, was destined to suffer the the sides of one ship, but she was found to be aground and was immediately set on fire. A econd section carried a second ship by board ing and bore her, by towing, triumphantly out of the harbor through the obstructions.

This unexpected loss of the ships, and the menacing condition of the approaches, compelled the Chevalier to propose a conditional surrender. Boscawen and Amherst demanded an unconditional capitulation-terms that the French commander was soon forced to accept and the noted fortress, with its fine harbor passed into English occupancy, to be no longe a menace to English commerce with its islands The Island Royal, St. John and their dependencies surrendered, and thus Cape Breton became an English possession. The fruits of the victory were 221 cannon, 18 mor tars, an immense amount of ammunition, mili

men, were taken aboard of the English fleet and borne as prisoners to England, while the French inhabitants were sent to France—poverty-stricken enough with the loss of all their cossessions, yet too loyal to France to swear

ealty to their conqueror. This important achievement gave infinite satisfaction to the British Cabinet and served to strengthen Pitt's hands in carrying out his scheme for dispossessing France of all her American possessions—driving her not only from Canada, but from the whole Lake and Mississippi Valley country as well. Boscawen, as a fellow commoner, was voted thanks, and the House was not stinted in its support of the Ministry that had been so wise in its choice of

In the succeeding year (1759), to Boscawen was committed the task of destroying the powerful French fleet commanded by De la Clue. With 14 ships-of-the-line and 7 frigates he sailed for Toulon, where the French were rendezvoused; but, touching at Gibraltar, he learned that De la Clue had passed the straits, so sailed north for his enemy, and found him in Lagos harbor. A general engagement ensued, and after a protracted and sanguinary combat the French Admiral lost five of his twelve ships. He himself was mortally wounded—both his legs being cut off by a can-non shot, when his ship put into port, follow-

ed by the remaining vessels of his command.

Boscawen returned to England to receive Parliamentary thanks and a pension of £3,000 per year. He was also sworn in as a member of the Privy Council, and had the additional ppointment (1760) and pay of General of the Marines. He was in high favor with Pitt, who relied greatly on his advice and opinion on matters of war. The fleet, to hold the French under surveillance, spent the summer of 1760 in the bay of Duiberon, on the west coast of France. Scurvy prevailed greatly in the fleet whereupon Boscawen took possession of a small sland in the bay, and with his own hands aided in cultivating vegetables for the sick. Though the strictest of strict disciplinarians, he had a tender heart, and never refrained from solicitude for the comfort and well-being of his comrades.

But Boscawen was destined to see no more service. His health broke rapidly during the year, and proceeding to his home, in the fall of 1760, he there died January 10th, 1761. very beautiful monument, by Rysbrock, rests over his grave in Cornwall, and his name and fame are cherished with pride by all good

# The Red Cross;

The Mystery of Warren-Guilderland.

A ROMANCE OF THE ACCURSED COINS.

BY GRACE MORTIMER. CHAPTER XVII.

FACE TO FACE AT LAST. THE day had passed much as other days, the young people keeping together wherever they wandered, as if one spirit animated them; but,

toward the evening, Cordelia began to look rather anxiously for an opportunity to get away by herself to keep her appointment with the man who had called himself her mother's first, and therefore her lawful husband. All day long she had been haunted by the idea of this ill-omened father of hers, as her imagina tion presented him in ever varying characters; sometimes it was the cruelly-wronged avenger whom she shuddered to meet, someimes the animalized villain, weary with vice and desirous of a new sensation; and then again her mind would fasten upon that clause in his letter in which he spoke of remorse and expiation, and her proud, pure heart then swelled with sympathy, forgetting to condemn. However, with the natural instinct of such a spirit, she had carefully concealed, even from the afor, all sign of disquietude, desiring above all things to meet what troubles were in store for her with selfeliance and fortitude.

The Gaylure group, with their attendant in-timates, were spending the afternoon in the eart of the pine thicket which nestled at the foot of the mountain behind the "Alhambra." The spicy pine, the unseen ocean, and the radiant spirits of the party, had all combined to cheat the sensitive young creature into a brief oblivion of her trouble; Griffith, too, clinging closer to her even than usual, had never been s brilliantly, exuberantly gay, so that, what with the strange beauty of him and the wild, rraceful abandon of glee he was in no one lreamed how time was passing, until Mr. Gay lure, happening to look at his watch, cried, in jovial astonishment, "Good gracious! ten

minutes to six! Cordelia and Griffith simultaneously spruns o their feet, and the others looking up at them inquiringly, were shocked to see each charming young face blanched.

Cora! Griffith! why, what's the matter? exclaimed sharp-witted Crystal, glaneing from

one to the other "I-I-had almost-excuse me, I must go! faltered Cordelia, confusedly, and with the sentence unfinished on her lips, she hurried down

he mountain path "Kool!" eried Griffith, with extraordinary terror in his tones, while his large brown eyes glanced hither and thither with an expression

f agonized anxiety. Everybody sprung to their feet, with a general feeling that something horrible had occur ed, or was about to occur. Mr. Gaylure, who had covered Cordelia's flight by murmur ing something about sudden indisposition, and that he would follow her, stared at his youth ful friend with gradually intensifying attention and comprehension; Adalgisa swept her great superb sleepy orbs over the youth, is pallid countenance and his hands outstretched after the vanished Cora, and she sent a clance of curious ferocity in that direction, too out no elucidation of the matter was begun un til Thetford's servant, Kool, quiet, deferential ascrutable in demeanor as usual, stepped from the background where he might have been observed hovering all the afternoon, had he been clumsy enough to permit anybody to be aware of his existence—which he never was. This mmaculate gentleman's gentleman approached the excited youth with the matter-of-fact air of one who sees nothing whatever to make a fuss about, and quietly drawing his master's arm through his own, said to Mr. Gaylure, re-

Mr. Thetford must be excused for a short time; he is subject to bleeding of the nose, which is rather hard to stop; he is generally much alarmed when he feels it coming on." And then he spirited him away; and Adalgisa, perceiving that they took the same path a that taken by Cora, set her delicate arched slipper upon a luckless beetle which was skur rying about in search of a hole, and crushed

A low laugh in her ear sent her lowering eyes so I am and must be, to them. to meet the sneering ones of her sister fixed significantly upon her; when she controlled herself with a sullen sort of power, and resumed the slow bedazzlement of the man who had stuck closest to her during the day. Mr. Gay-lure then made light of the two abrupt desertions, bade the party think no more of the matter, and gracefully kissing his hand to the ladies, he, too, vanished down the mossy path-

Meantime Cordelia was walking swiftly toward the beach, her proud spirit quailing and chafing by turns, as she approached the man whose existence meant crime for Colonel Valcose and dishonor for her mother. She had no idea how she was going to meet him; her shrinking imagination had refused to picture that scene; all she was conscious of as she hurried breathlessly to the trysting-place, was a growing fierce defiance of any claim the man she was about to see might make upon her love or duty, out of the fact of her parentage. Her great neart was full of the tenderest love and pity toward Colonel Valrose; she had exhausted the treasury of filial affection at his feet; she had nothing for her very own father but stern displeasure and harsh judgment.

She reached the end of the forest path where it brought her to a picturesque gap in the line of cliffs; the sea-beach lay before her, wet and Madeline, and I loved Margaret; they too loved glistening, the sea crawling and wrinkling quarter of a mile out as it had been twelve hours ago, when she and her adopted sisters came in from their bath; and there, half-way between the sea and cliffs, directly in front of the cave the hotel people had named the Crystal Grotto, stood a man, motionless

Cordelia paused a moment, her white hands elenching involuntarily, her cheek flushing hotly, then she walked quickly out on the wet sands, her neck lifted, and her fine eyes dark

with haughty impuls The man stood with his face to the sea and his arms wrapped in a loose cloak, which, the approached, she unconsciously remarked as threadbare, and of the fashion of a dozen years threadbare, and of the fashion of a dozen years fallen from our eyes. We men had accidentally stumbled upon the miserable truth; we knew that the purest motives we had wrecked bowed upon his breast, and that he seemed profoundly oblivious of all around him. She was close by before he heard her light footstep on the sand; and he turned a pair of cavernous, dark, gleaming eyes upon her slowly and abstractedly, making a slight mechanical bow, and looking away again, as if he expected no

"Mr. Jonas Kercheval?" said Cordelia, icily. The man started, and fixed his dark eyes upon her with an expression of devouring anx-

"Yes, I am Jonas Kercheval," he said, firmly, "and you are my daughter Cordelia." She shrunk within herself as if he had offered her an insult, her eyes flashed and her cheek

"My daughter Cordelia," repeated he, resolutely, though the dark blood rushed in a shamed torrent up under his sensitive skin; 'a living monument of my crime, hating and condemning me as only the pure can hate and condemn the lost. Yet you have come to me, you have obeyed my first entreaty, you cannot be heartless!" and he gazed upon her with a hopeless intensity that went to her very heart. So wan, so woebegone, so utterly despairing and humiliated, Cordelia's righteous anger was melting swiftly away, leaving a harrowing

pity behind.
"I have another daughter at home," resumed Kercheval in his intense, repressed manner—standing before her with his hat off and his bowed head bare to the wind, in an attitude painfully humble; "she is an angel; she has sacrificed her whole life to me; by her I know what a young girl can be! Her mother, tooshe is as pure in heart, and mind, and life, asas you, and, poor things, they love me! they love me!" repeated the man, with a sob of terrible distress; "and they don't know about this. How am I to tell them? That's what I've come strover of both mother and daughter?"

He paused in his passionate address with a horror in his look, and an urgency of appeal that thrilled Cordelia with poignant realization of his suffering. She trembled before him as she read the signs of the desperate struggle in this man's soul between passion and principle: the vision of these two beloved, pure-hearted women, whom his crime must destroy sooner or later, flashed into her mind with a throb of horrified compassion; her resentment died out in self-reproach, and a pity too deep for words. She could not but see how far from wishing to condone his great sin this man was; how his conscience had lashed him; how tragically he loved and feared these two good women who were to be the victims of his penitence; and ner own trouble and wrath seemed shallow. elfish and cruel beside his greater anguish, so orth, widely different from those she had thought to annihilate him with.

"Who am I that I should dare to judge you, sir? In view of your misery my own sinks into mere selfish discomfort. I dare not feel angry with you since I see how heavily God has weighted you with his anger. Do not fear

as he heard these lowly-spoken but earnest words, and he gazed upon the beautiful girl with pathetic gratitude and humble admira-

"Av. that is your mother's gentle soul over again," he said, dreamily; "Madeline Fleming was as sweet a woman as ever breathedthough I would to God I had never seen her Is she well, my child? And why have you left her?" He asked this with faltering voice and reddening cheek, anticipating the answer.

"By accident," said Cordelia, shrinkingly, "I heard that—you were yet alive—and I left her. I could not endure the daily sight of my mother's degradation."

"Does she know?" whispered Kercheval, after a dreary pause. "No, I dared not tell her-he never will." said she, with a shudder. "And Victor-Colonel Valrose," resumed

Kercheval. "how has he borne it?" "It has poisoned his life, just as it has poisoned yours," replied Cordelia; "and I, alas! loving him truly in the belief that he was my very own father, have only been a tormenting morial of his sin to him, and have grieved and pined all my life under his coldness and

"God forgive us!" groaned the man, recoil-

"So, when Colonel Valrose confessed the truth to me, urged on by the fear of immediate death, for we were traveling among the Arabs, and they were tearing me away to captivity. continued she, "I understood for the first time the mystery of my youth; and I could not re-

the gorgeous blue-green coat of him into ruin. turn to them. They think that I am dead, and

"And you already know the whole story, "No, I know nothing but that Colonel Val-rose told me—that he was not my father, and

that my father was still alive, although my mother did not know it. I shall ask you, sir to relate the rest." Kercheval's pale face flushed painfully; it

was easy to see how he shrunk from the r ration, with those pure eyes resting upon him. She saw his pain, and with a sudden, boundless pity swelling in her heart, put out her hand and clasped his, in an unspoken assurance of sympathy. So the ruined man received her tender consolation into a heart that was bursting, and looked up to heaven with eyes sweetly filled with grateful tears. And, holding her thus, he told her this story of his sin:

"Victor Valrose and I were college friends, and when we left the university we stuck together like two brothers, caring for none on the earth as we cared for each other. Our af fection was at length disturbed by the only cause which could overthrow a sentiment so strong and honest. Two women came into our lives. They also were inseparable friends, equally beautiful, wealthy, young and amiable. You know who they were, your mother, Madeline Fleming, and Margaret Duvar. Victor loved us in the same order. By a fatal misapprehension, however, rising out of our excessive care for each other's feelings, and our dread of injuring each other, we were all four at crosspurposes from the first interview until we crowned our ill-starred magnanimity each to his and her friend, by marrying each the one who was not his and her heart's choice, all supposing that this piece of self-sacrifice had secured the other's happiness. Madeline Fleming became my wife, Margaret Duvar was Victor's; and we resided side by side in New York, prosperous, and apparently possessed of the deepthat with the purest motives we had wrecked each other's happiness, as well as that of our respective wives, whose gradual pining and happiness had betrayed the deplorable state of their hearts. Stunned by the revelation we fled from each other's faces, fearful now to risk daily intercourse under such circumstances. Victor went to Europe—I bought property in Virginia and went to live on it. Here I had the grief of perceiving that my wife was dy-ing of a broken heart; she had kept up as long as she could see Victor every day, and when he went out of her life the germ of vitality seemed withered. I saw that I could not keep her on earth for my sake—even her infant, you, child, could not infuse enough interest in her life to make her desire to prolong it. more than a year I fought with the fatal melancholy which was killing poor Madeline, but I knew that she must die. Then I chanced to travel North on business, and met Victor in New York. He too had left his wife in London, while he transacted some business in his own land; and he told me a history that was almost the counterpart of my own. was pining away, heart-broken; he was convinced that she was dying. We sat in his private room at the hotel, confiding our irretrievable sorrows to each other with all the old brotherhood of our youth, our hearts as full of pity as of grief. Oh, to undo the misery we had wrought each other! 'Would God we could restore each other the gems we have so madly misappropriated!' Victor groaned, "but noth-ing but death can set this wrong right. We shall exchange in heaven, I hope

"It was midnight, and while the words were on his lips the cry of fire rose in the corridors, and the choking smoke filled the room. opened the door to see that the hotel was in flames. Owing to some unfortunate oversight the doors were kept locked, and there was no egress until many people had perished; Victor to you to teach me. How are they to be told that I, to whom they have looked up all their dormitories, and aided the survivors in their spot where we had been standing a moment before. As it chanced we had tottered away arm-in-arm, feeling quite overcome with the heat and in sore need of rest. In the confusion it was supposed that we had been crushed under the wall, but, unconscious of this impression, we took refuge in an adjacent hotel for the night. Next morning we read in the morning journals, in the account of the fire, our own names among the list of killed. Then Victor's words recurred to us simultaneously: death can set this wrong right,' and we looked at each other strangely, the first stirring of a

"Then—then—we fell." said Jonas Kercheval, in humbler tones, his shamed face averted; "we let the temptation master our honor and truth; we did not contradict the error in the papers, but remained in obscurity for a that at length her generous heart swelled too big for silence, and the gracious words burst of and mourn our supposed deaths. Then we as we had wished them to be so long. Victor went to Madeline, and I to Margaret, each with a lie in our mouths. We each spoke of his own rescue from the fire, corroborating the death of the other, and further declared that the shock of the news had caused the death of my reproaches, Mr. Kercheval; I shall-I can wife and child. They believed us, poor innocent souls, and each married her true lover, in His wild excitement gradually cooled down all good faith, believing herself a widow, and her rival dead. And then we fled as far apart as possible, Victor Valrose with Madeline and you going to Russia, I to the Southern cities with Margaret and her daughter Anne; and so each has lived his life with the conscio of God's curse paralyzing his every effort. We tried to lose each other, and we succeeded for twenty years; then our sin found us out.

terrible temptation in our souls

Kercheval paused awhile, his head bowed and bared to the frowning heavens; Cordelia too, hung her head and wept very bitterly and hopelessly. She knew now that Colonel Valrose, whom she had idolized from her earliest consciousness as the personification of all that vas chivalrous and strong, along with this unfortunate man, whose subtile resemblance to herself had disarmed her anger and scorn impossible—had committed deliberate wickedness from motives that were simply selfish; she knew now that the mother who was in her eyes the embodiment of all purity. had lived, and was living now, in the Godaccursed happiness of unlawful love-ignorant and innocent of any harm; that other woman, too, that Margaret who was Colonel Valrose's legal wife, was she still unconscious of the infamy this man of her love had consigned her

The pair were walking slowly to and fro, ing from the sight of her choking sorrow as she not touching each other now, but closely pacing together on the lonely sands, with the red sun glowing on the horizon out of a chaos of flame-lined black clouds, and the cold, darkened sea swashing whitely in gossamer scallops over the wet sand in its returning flow.

Both were very pale and sorrowful, and so absorbed in their own tragedy that neither

Thetford, who had just bounded out of one of the sea-caves. Jonas took up the story again, for, hateful as the task of confession was to him, he was too earnestly penitent to spare himself one blush.

"Years ago I failed in business, and retired to the Death Gulch, a wretched, half-forgotten settlement near Silver-Lead, in the State of Wisconsin. I spent the remainder of my shat-tered fortune in purchasing a ruined farmhouse and a few acres of land; but nothing ever went well with me since that day Victor and I parted, each on his evil course. Besides Anne, Victor's daughter, I had two childrenthey have never been anything but a source of shame and anxiety to their mother and me. Undutiful, unprincipled, ingrained with selfishness, the trouble and scourge of my life, and yet with enough of their mother in them to lacerate my heart, and enough of me to lacerate hers; ah, if it hadn't been for Anne, I and Ned would do to help me. And now the years, has broken upon me; my cup of trembling is brimming over. A few weeks ago a man came to my hovel door—God alone knows who-I believe he was no mortal, but an emissary sent by God-and taunted me with my unrepented sin, crying for expiation. Also, he his claim. declared that he had seen alive, three months since, him with whom I had made that wicked compact twenty years ago, Victor Valrose. I saw him but a moment, when he vanished, leaving me to my horror and fear, and my guiltless wife and noble Anne cruelly perplexed as to what his words might mean. Then I fell ill, and knew nothing that was passing, until I received an anonymous letter, announcing that my lawful daughter, Cordelia, known as Miss Gaylure, was here with an adopted father, having fled from Colonel Valrose and your mother, his reputed wife, because she had discovered the truth. And I came to you, to tell you that I am anxious to spend what time I have in expiation, if you can show me what to do. Am I to blast Margaret, my pure-souled Margaret, with the infamous tale?

"Take the lady away, Mr. Gaylure, for high-souled, so brave and strong; point out my path; I'll walk it faithfully as God will per-

them in the silence that followed Kercheval's last agitated, yet resolutely spoken words; they saw a young man flying toward them streaming back from his forehead, his eyes wildly. glittering with a strange brilliancy, and a streak of white foam on his gasping mouth.

Amazed beyond all speech, Cordelia recog-

like!

She had just time to see, in a confused flash, the dreadful vision of his face; then he was springing upon Jonas Kercheval, his slight Was this the solution hand (usually so gentle) grasping his throat with deadly grip, his glaring eyes fastened upon

"How dare you-dare you-attempt to take her from me?" he ground out-but next instant he relaxed his hold, threw up his arms with a piercing, horror-stricken cry, and fell down at Kercheval's feet, lashing his arms about, rolling over and over, while his body seemed rent with convulsive distortions, biting the sand with his audibly clicking teeth, and curdling the blood of the two who stood over him, with a spectacle more wildly horrible than any either had ever dreamed.

Before a word was uttered, two men rushed up, rivaling each other in paleness and swift-

These were the keen lawyer and the imperturbable gentleman's gentleman—Gaylure and

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BAFFLED INTRIGUER.

A GLIMPSE into the respective minds of se two men will reveal the true significance of this scene to the reader.

Gaylure, ignorant of any cause why Griffith Thetford should not inherit Warren-Guilderland whenever he came of age, he being nearest surviving relative, was scheming to marry him to Cordelia, the daughter of Jonas Kercheval, next of kin after Thetford. Now, why was this shrewd man of affairs so unnatural as to overlook such a glorious chance of marrying one of his own fair daughters to a noble? Because he suspected something about young Yes, charming as the young man was—healthy, gay and bright as he was—from the first minute that Mr. Gaylure's sharp eyes had rested upon the blank, calm, impenetrable countenance of Kool, the day he unexpectedly stepped to the front, saying, "Young master never been without my services since he can remember: where he goes I go." He had bowed in pretended careless acquiescence, but ever since his falcon eye had watched the pair to see wherefore this matter was thus. he expected to discover he could not for the life of him have told, but expect something he did, and with such conviction that he calmly apportioned the brilliant catch to his adopted daughter instead of to one of his own extravagantly-idolized girls. He thought: "These two married, whatever the lad turns out to belunatic, leprous, or an impostor—the lady being daughter of Jonas Kercheval, next of kin, will inherit—if Jonas will agree to pass over his claim. To that end a reconciliation between the father and daughter is politic. Kercheval will do anything in expiation of his crime, and I shall cause her to ask him to pass his rights to her." Then Mr. Gaylure had written the anonymous letter to Kercheval which had sent him to meet his long-parted daughter, and had been watching keenly, ever since her receipt of his, how events would turn. He had been complacently overseeing their interview from behind a sand-knoll, when the extraordinary spectacle of Thetford flying out of one of the sea-caves, toward the pair, him after him with all the speed he could put on; to perceive himself joined on the way by Kool, for once unworthy of his name.

And here he stood, discovering at last the Something he had suspected about young Thet-

Now for Kool. Yes, he had indeed been Griffith Thetford's inseparable companion since the boy of six was consigned by the parish authorities to a certain public establishment in which he, Kool, was one of the officials, This mansion was in truth no other than the poor-house, and the parish had given the child's mother already some assistance in the form of a pine coffin, a pauper funeral, and a corner in its Potter's Field. Kool saw that the boy was beautiful, very friendless, very docile, and very terribly noteworthy in one particular. Kool was a quiet, observant man, with a passion for accumulation; he stole the boy and exhibited him in many foreign countries-making a handsome capital out of that one wonderful and awful peculiarity of his. Meantime

was aware of the rapid approach of Griffith he had ferreted out the good blood in his victim's veins, and sagaciously gave him the edu-cation and the training of a gentleman, finally putting him forward when the Warren-Guilderland barony was going begging for heirs. He had devoted himself to this unfortunate boy; he had been his constant companion; not a cruel one, either, for the lad regarded him with a piteously-confiding affection, almost believing that in his absence he would die. And it was the present aim of Kool's quiet maneuvers that Thetford should inherit his fortune without the incumbrance of a wife, not only that he wished him to escape Cordelia whom he knew only as what Gaylure repre sented her to be, but every woman under the sun—for what woman could keep the terrible secret of poor Griffith Thetford? So, having worked very earnestly but vainly to prevent the lad from surrendering to Cora's charms, he had resolved, this anniversary day of Thetford's affliction, to let the young lady have one might have perished many a time for all Josie peep of him during the paroxysm-just enigh to scare and mislead her into aversion. storm, which has been gathering all these He certainly had not bargained for the keen eyes of the tricky lawyer viewing the tableau, for Kool guessed that, should Gaylure know what he knew, he would throw down Thetford's flag instantly and raise Kercheval's instead, Kool being cognizant of Kercheval and

Having no suspicion who Cordelia's compan ion was as she paced the sands in sight of the cave where he had hidden his charge, he had let the lad go, expecting to account for all alarming appearances plausibly enough to merely scare her without disclosing the real horror of the matter.

But how was he to satisfy the curiosity of this razor-sharp lawyer—himself a plotter and intriguant of no mean ability?

Pale as death, the four persons stood over the writhing form of the unfortunate lad, three of them in utter breathless horror and amaze. Then Kool knelt beside his master,

Teach me what to do, you who seem to be so God's sake, take her away; this is no place for But Gaylure now broke the silence her! And you, sir, will you fetch a doctor?somebody-anybody-fly!

Gaylure was forced to obey, Cordelia cling-The sound of running footsteps startled ing to him in terror and looking ready to kneel beside Kool, poring over every symptom of the young man's malady; but Kercheval from the shore, his head bare, his loose curls was already far away on his errand, running

As the lawyer supported the trembling girl from the spot, he kept looking back at the sufseen him before; Griffith, transformed from his own gentle, beautiful, boyish self into a terrible being, possessed. frenzied form twisted, racked and distorted as he had after rescuing Miss Cora. never seen human form convulsed before, except one wretch in prison, condemned to execution, who had swallowed arsenic and died in

> Was this the solution of the mystery which hung about his prize?

Gaylure hurried Cordelia into the house, and waiting for nothing but to whisper a few words into his wife's ear, ran back to the beach. Arriving breathless at the mouth of the deep cut in the defile which let the promenader step abruptly out of a cool, shadowy, rock-screened footway upon the wide waste of sand, he uttered a cry. The beach was empty As he stood there, blankly gazing, he heard footsteps behind him; Jonas Kercheval appear ed, accompanied by a gentleman whom Gaylure had seen at the table d'hote, but whose name he had not heard.

This is a physician," panted Kercheval; 'where are they?'

Gaylure gave way, and they stepped upon

"Gone!" cried Kercheval, looking for explanation at Gaylure. "Yes, and I don't know where," replied that

gentleman, equal irritation and anxiety in his voice; "I was absent only a few minutes, and Kool only was with him. Where can they

"Let us examine the tracks," said the phy sician curtly, and he strode away. Gaylure and Kercheval were left together, and were about to follow the stranger when another thought struck the former, and he detained Kercheval, placing a hand suddenly on his

"I am the only protector of the young lady I saw with you just now," said he, scanning the man in an anxious endeavor to gauge his character, with the view to future manipulation in his own particular interests; "she is my adopted daughter, and I have her affairs naturally very much at heart. May I inquire who you are, and what your business was with

the young lady? As Jonas knew nothing of Gaylure beyond the bald fact just mentioned, that he was the self-appointed guardian of Cordelia, what could he answer to such a question? Reveal his business with Cordelia, and stand branded efore this sharp-eyed, keen-looking man, a bigamist, liable to prosecution and arrest? No! Jonas was far too susceptible to influences, far too quick in his perceptions, to trust to that extent the soul that looked from Mr. Gavlure's very handsome eyes; at the same time, his conscious guilt and natural shrinking shyness made it a hard task to repel his questioner. who had such an excellent right to demand an

Threadbare, haggard and feeble as his appearance was, the instinctive gentlemanliness of his demeanor had obliged Gaylure-the well-dressed and haughty Gaylure-to accost him as a gentleman. Kercheval saw that he could not do better than fall back on a gentleman's perfect right to do as he pleased unquestioned, referring the investigator of his conduct to the lady.

Ask Miss Gavlure—it is her affair." said he. civilly but decidedly.

Gaylure was disconcerted. He had intended to get into the man's confidence, and to induce him, in his own cunning, imperceptible way, to walk according to his plans. He had counted unhesitatingly upon Kercheval's malleability, seeing that he was so easily moved to respond to his anonymous epistle. He felt constrained

My adopted daughter has candidly informed me of the existence of a certain family complication in her pre-history. course, are connected with that matter. It is natural, you see, for me to feel anxious. She is a noble girl, and I love her sincerely. If I Jonas Kercheval's critical situation, as should can do anything to screen her from pain or have caused that gentleman's blood to curdle how joyfully I shall do so. Come, can I do anything?"

Still Kercheval, with his deep-sunk, melancholy eyes fixed upon the plausible counter ance of the lawyer, shook his head. Every oily word and suave smile only set his questioner in a more sinister light.

An expression of dislike and suspicion appeared involuntarily in his face, and Gaylure saw it, and promptly hated him on the spot for it; for Gaylure was a vain man, and conhis last speech as he strode away in the dark-

sidered himself gifted with the charm of pleasing every one he took the trouble to please.

He stared at the silent Kercheval hard for a moment, then, with dark thoughts in his mind, turned away with a civil bow, meaning to join the doctor. But the conversation, brief as it was, had been long enough for the doctor to vanish off the broad, dusky expanse of sand, as completely as Thetford and Kool had

The ill assorted pair set out, running to find the tracks, did so almost immediately, and

followed them into one of the caves. Within, all was dark as the grave; Gaylur shouted, but only the echoes replied in deafen-ing reverberations. They groped their way n a few paces, but were forced to return to the sands after stumbling disagreeably over heaps of unknown obstacles.

Mr. Gaylure was furious. Kool had outwitted him. In the war of wits between these two, Kool had shown himself the cleverer

This secret then was worth hiding thus care What was to be gathered from that? What Mr. Gaylure gathered was that Griffith Thetford was an epileptic, subject to peri odical fits; therefore, not eligible for the great destiny designed for him by Gaylure. Gryppe's policy was explained at last. He had known these fits, and that was why he had allowed

Gaylure to carry off the prize.

Well, what was to be done now? Thetford ut of the combat, who remained? Jonas Kercheval and his daughter Cordelia. Gryppe had declared himself in favor of

val. Check the first. But, Gaylure had possession of Cordelia, and Cordelia had Jonas under control. had Gaylure, for that matter, since he had only to whisper, "I know you are a bigamist." Gaylure made up his mind to take Kercheval in hand, wring from him a promise to refuse to go to law about the property, when

Gryppe counseled him to litigation. Stake all on Cordelia, and marry her to Thetford in spite of what he had discovered, for security. The two men were walking back to the Al-nambra, side by side, both sunk in reverie.

"Do you know anything concerning your ancestry?" queried he, abruptly.

That is a singular question," said Kerche val, after a pause of astonishment. "Pardon swoon. He would have infinitely preferred to my rudeness if I reiterate it on my side-do

"Yes," said Gaylure. "I know that after the young man Thetford, you are heir to the barony of Warren-Guilderland, a noble prop

Kercheval stopped short, looking wildly at the lawyer. The lawyer calmly explained the relationship, and narrated the episode of the ferman baron, who had perished in Arabia And I know also who Miss Cora is," added

he, with a meaning smile. "She is Cordelia Valrose, or more properly speaking, Cordelia Tercheval, your lawful daughter. Kercheval staggered back, with a faint

"All!" said Gaylure, emphatically, "The act is, man, you are at my mercy. Dead silence followed; in the gathering darkness the two men regarded each other

"What do you wish me to do?" asked Kercheval at last, with bitter significance. nderstand now, it was you who wrote me the nonymous letter which suggested an inter-

view between Cordelia and me; you expected

certain result from that interview; what re

"Thetford an epileptic, as I now discover him to be," said Gaylure, "I wish Cordelia to inherit the property. You stand in her way.

Kercheval sunk to a seat on a mossy stone aning his head upon his hands in thought After that youth whom he had seen in epileptic convulsions, he inherited lands and a title, and his wife and children starving! And this man knew enough of his past to enforce him to s hardest requirement

"God have mercy, but my sin has indeed found me out!" he groaned in bitterness. 'Does Cordelia know?" he demanded, with galling suspicion of her seeming purity and

Cordelia knows nothing-not even that mow who she is," replied Gaylure, earnestly for it was necessary that the man should b ready to give up his rights willingly. "She thinks that Thetford is the heir, never dreaming that there are ties of relationship betwee her and him. You wish to make some sligh expiation of your crime!" Jonas gasped, as i n flames, as this naked truth was fearlessly attered by the keen, hard man before him You have now the chance to make it to one of your victims. Come, if you are sincere, you vill not hesitate a moment. Do you promise o pass over the fortune to her, and w sign a legally drawn up document to that ef

Jonas Kercheval writhed in torment. Remember how poverty had been gnawing at this poor fellow's very vitals, how his wife that adored woman, for whose sake he had committed a crime as foreign to his nature as was murder-had suffered and pined; how his noble Anne had blighted her young life be cause of this ravening beast of prev called want; and here were wealth, honor, happines his by right of succession; and Cordelia had bread enough and to spare—Cordelia need nev-

r want all her heart could desire; while they-'I can't promise that!" he cried, springing up, in desperate excitement. own sake, but theirs—my starving ones—mer-ciful God! If I have the right to lift them out of the slough shall I throw it away? Sir, I'll

Gaylure heard, in wrath and consterna-This revolt of his victim was the last

thing he had foreseen.
"Are you a fool?" he cried, indignantly. Do you forget that, knowing your pre-his tory, I have the power to throw you into prison any hour!

'Do it-do it, I defy you to do it!" said Kercheval between his teeth. "I deserve nothing else, anyway, and will hail punishment as my due, but if I have the power to settle wealth upon them, and can leave them in comfort, oh,

Mr. Marcus Gavlure was nonplused as he had never been nonplused in all his life before: rate, and laughed in his face. Let him do his worst; he would suffer anything to secure wealth to his Margaret and her angel girl Anne.

'Come, I'll give you a week to consider,' said Gaylure, after a fierce altercation; "if you

don't come to terms then, look out!' 'My answer then will be what it is now, I death.

ness, inspired for the time with supernatural

strength and courage.
Gaylure sat where he had left him, brooding over the complication of circumstances for

"Check number two," muttered he, rising a last to crawl through the heavy dew to the Alhambra, "and the worst check yet. (To be continued-commenced in No. 355.)

#### OUR COUNTRY.

BY M. A. WARNER.

Oh, Angel of Peace, spread your wings o'er our na tion! Drive strife and foul discord afar from our shore; Let friendship and love bring forth their oblation, And Columbia shall stand as the Union of yore. Shall Liberty's stars on our banner emblazoned Be sullied by leaders who, thirsting for power, Care naught for the people who built up the natio Or the dark cloud of trials that over them lower

th, Justice, weigh well in your balance unerring.
The parties now striving for power in our land;
the Right stand triumphant, unawed by the erring.
A wrong shall be banished by Truth's royal hand.

Oh! our country, the greatest, the noblest, the reest, God's sun ever shone upon since Time begun; Ve tremble in fear lest the luster be tarnished, And Freedom's proud race all too quickly be

Columbia sons, you are every one brothers; The wrong of one member reacts upon all; Chink well, ere you act, and then ever remem United you stand, but divided you fall!

Remember the eyes of the world are upon you, And watching to see your Republic go down; But be true to your God, to yourselves, and yo

And you'll pass through this crisis with added re

## Adrift on the Prairie; THE ADVENTURES OF FOUR YOUNG NIMRODS.

BY OLL COOMES, AUTHOR OF "DAKOTA DAN," "IDAHO TOM,

"HAPPY HARRY," ETC., ETC.

XII.—HOMEWARD BOUND.—A MOAN FROM THE WOODS.—A HORRIBLE DEATH.—SOUR GRAPES.

WE found that the Indians still maintained their old position on the margin of the grove, and shortly after our return, a number of them called at our camp and smoked and chatted for

We spent the remainder of the day on the ake, with remarkable good success; but in order to keep the Indians from stealing our game when it fell among the reeds, we were obliged o hire them to keep away and let us have the whole water. A nickel to each brave, how-ever, was sufficient for the purpose, and the gallant red-men retired at once to their wig-

That night was unusually calm and pleasant The atmosphere was clear and vibrant, and the voices of nature were heard afar off.

We built up a roaring fire and sat down around it, then called upon Uncle Lige to regale us with one or two of his abundant stock of camp-fire yarns. The old fellow at once got himself into a position of ease, and began. We listened with breathless interest, and when he was in the middle of his story, we were sud-denly started by a strange sound that came quivering through the night.

Uncle Lige ceased talking, and rising to his feet, listened intently for several moments, but heard nothing. He sat down again, and was about to resume his story, when the same sound—a moan of distress—smote every ear.

In an instant every man was upon his feet. All recognized the sound as similiar to that we had heard four nights previous when encamped on the same spot; and we began offering suppositions as to what it might possibly be. but Uncle Lige attributed it to some animal. He failed to concur in our opinion, say

ing:
"It sounds too humanish-like for any animal, for all it may be. Just keep still and let

decide the question beyond a doubt. We remained quiet. Fully half an hour had passed when again the sound came from the

said, the moment he heard it; "somebody's in distress sure as thar's a heaven."

'Then the sufferer has been so for four or five days," I said. We must inquire into it," said our guide. I can't rest till I know what it means

The lantern was lit, and Uncle Lige leading the way into the woods, was followed by Jim and myself. The other two remained at camp to keep watch over it.

We moved out some distance into the tim ber, then stopped to listen. We could hear the of the leafless branches, but high above all lenly came that awful moan of agonyfalling upon our ears like the knell of death And by its depth of tone we knew it was not

We shuddered with unknown horror as we moved slowly on, our distended eyes searching the gloom before us. The dry leaves under our careful footsteps sounded dead and ominous, and the tree-trunks with their wide-reaching limbs looked like ghostly giants issuing rom the darkness to seize us.

Uncle Lige held the lantern above his head. and stooping slightly forward, he peered around him, his whole attitude and visage presenting the picture of wonder.

Suddenly our eyes beheld an object unfolded from the darkness that caused us to start with a shudder and hold our breath with suspense. But as we kept on, the object finally resolved itself into the form of an Indian who was seated upon a fallen tree, with a hatchet in his

With an air of relief we approached the Indian, who regarded us with a look of indifferent curiosity; and Uncle Lige was about to address him, when a deep and awful moan, that caused us to recoil with an involuntary cry of alarm, issued from the log near his

Uncle Lige lowered the lantern and its rays revealed a sight that almost chilled our blood A second Indian was lying full length upon were also his legs and body. We could see that his bonds were cutting into the flesh, that and, in a whisper, "vowed the grapes were was bloody and swollen. His face wore a deathly pallor and was contorted by all the physical agony that a human could suffer. The muscles were contracted and even swoller The eves were bulging from their sockets. as if in a horrible laugh. The mouth was open the teeth grinning, and the tongue, dry and black, protruding from the mouth. breath was accompanied by a hollow rattling in the throat that told of the presence of

"What in God's name does it mean?" asked

"Come away from the horrible sight," said Uncle Lige, with a shudder, as a moan that emed unearthly escaped the dying wretch's lips We turned and hurried away, and when bout twenty rods from the scene, Uncle Lige

topped short, and said: "Boys, that Ingin dyin' there was that poor, drunken devil that killed his wife t'other night; and he is now sufferin' the penalty. That is the Musquakie mode of inflicting capital pun-ishment. They bind the criminal to a log and let him die by degrees—allowin' him no food, no water, nor sleep.\* They keep a guard con-stantly over him to see that all these hellish tortures are inflicted. Oh, such a death—such a death as it must be! Now we know it war this poor wretch's moan that we heard four nights ago. He has been dying ever since."
"Can't we prevent this inhuman, fiendish

murder?" asked Jim, fairly excited with indignation. "Not now; the victim is about gone. You could hear the death rattle in his throat, and I

daresay we will never hear that horrible moan He spoke the truth—we never heard that awful sound again, save in fancy, as the night

deepened around us. Before retiring that night, Uncle Lige informed us that he would be compelled to start home on the morrow, as his presence would be required there on an occasion of great impor-tance to his family. As we had had about enough of Swan Lake and our dusky neighbors, we concluded to accompany him, and by sun-rise the next morning we were on our way.

We reached Wall Lake a little after noon, and again went into camp upon its shores. Our friend Kemply now seemed more like his former self, for since we had left for the northern lake we noticed that he had changed in spirit—that he was given more to sentiment and the companionship of his own thoughts. We knew the cause, of course, for most of us had passed through the longing and uncertain miseries of a sudden infatuation with a pretty girl. We knew, or at least imagined we did, how Jim suffered, for in such cases there is a vague anxiety, a fear of unreciprocal love, and thousand and one little yearnings to worry and perplex the mind and heart.

Before leaving us at the lake for his cabin, Uncle Lige turned to us and said:

"Boys, we've had a splendid time together the past week, and I hate that it's come to an end. I kind o' like you young chaps; and now I'll tell ye: I want ye to come up to the cabin o-night and take supper with us. We're goin' to have a bit of a time there to-night. Don't fail to come now, will ye?"

We promised we would not, and he took his departure. Jim seemed delighted over the idea of spending the evening within the light of Ruby's eves and the music of her voice. He spent the afternoon in preparing for the meet-He threw off his hunting garb, and arrayed himself in a citizen's suit of gray, that ne had brought along to be used in case of emergency, put on a paper collar, and blacked his boots with wet gunpowder.

Shortly after dark we repaired to the cabin. We were received by Uncle Lige who introduced us to a number of his neighbors, both old and young, who had assembled there a few minutes previous, to take part in what the old man had termed "a bit of a time," whatever

that implied. Conspicuous among the assembly was Squire Briggs, a little old fellow with a thin, expressionless face, who kept the verdant lads and lassies tittering and laughing by a series of stale jokes and pointless witticisms, comic gestures and antic performances, out of place, we thought, in the venerable dispenser of legal

Jim took a position at one side of the room, and I noticed that he searched every face among the girls, for the object of his affection. But a look of disappointment followed—Ruby was nowhere to be seen, and as the minutes wore away and she came not, he became as uneasy and restless as a fish out of water.

At length Squire Briggs whispered some-thing to a young girl near him—she whispered something to Uncle Lige and his wife, who sat in one corner sober as judges, and they answering with a nod of assent, the girl flew away into the kitchen.

At this juncture we noticed a commotion mong the youngsters. They put their heads together and spoke in whispers, ever and anon glancing furtively toward the kitchen door. In a few moments the girl returned, followed

by Ruby, who was leaning on the arm of a tall, bashful-looking youth of about two-andtwenty years. He was dressed in a suit of black broadcloth, white buckskin gloves, and new pair of cowhide boots. Ruby was dressed very modestly, and looked like a little fairy as she came shyly and blushing into the room. The girl conducted the couple to the center

of the room, when Squire Briggs arose, and removing the tobacco-quid from his mouth, and clearing his throat with a thunderous a-hem, said, with that true Western disregard of elegance and formality: 'Ladies and gentlemen, if there be any of

you here who have any reasons why this 'ere couple shall not be j'ined in the bonds of wedlock, let 'em speak up, if not, let 'em forever hold their tongues.' been invited to the wedding of Uncle Lige's daughter Ruby, and our eyes naturally turned toward poor Jim. His face was white as a

sheet, his eyes downcast and his hand trem-

oling with inward emotions—the shock that

had fallen so suddenly upon his heart. Our

sympathy went out to him-we pitied him rom our inmost heart, but all this afforded him no consolation—it would not restore to him his lost Ruby. Squire Briggs cut the ceremony short and pronounced the couple husband and wife. Then the silence burst into a perfect uproar of congratulations given in that free, outspoken, and cordial manner so peculiar to the rude, yet

kind-hearted people of the prairies. Out of respect to Uncle Lige, we joined in the "happy occasion" with hearty good cheer. We were surprised to see our friend Jim change from grave to gay in a very few minutes; and no one would ever have known that he had loved and lost, all inside of a week. I knew, however, that he was one of those

persons who could reconcile themselves to any circumstance or fate, and saw how lightly he felt his loss when he edged around to my side

A sumptuous supper of roasted fowl, fish and venison, and such other delicacies as the country afforded, was served, after which the thrum of a violin set young and old eyes to sparkling and feet to flying in the giddy mazes of an old Virginia Reel.

Jim took an active part in the dancing, and soon became on easy familiarity with all the buxom lassies, enjoying himself as though he was not celebrating the wedding eve of the only girl he had ever loved.

\* A fact which applies to other Indian tribes

After a short consultation we concluded to bid adieu to the lakes and prairies of the northwest, and turn our faces southward: and acting upon this conclusion we were soon ready for

Uncle Lige came down to bid us good-by, and as we mounted our vehicle to start he handed me a letter with the request to read it at leisure. We bid him good-by and rolled away. When fairly on the road I opened the letter

-, Iowa, Oct. 10, 1875.

By the way, four young friends of mine start for Wall Lake and the North soop. I have recommended you to them, and they will doubtless call on you for your services as guide. You can rely upon them, and now all I have to request of you, is that you put them through the severest course of sprouts the limited resources of your country will afford, and oblige

Yours, very truly,

W. W. J—.

"Exactly," said Jim when I had concluded reading, "that night on the lake, that 'sur-round' by prairie fire and a few other blood-cooling incidents, I suppose, are among 'the resources of the country.' I am sure they have been all that an adventurous heart could

And we all concurred in his decision—feel ing sure that Uncle Lige had fulfilled the request of his friend, W. W. J., to the utmost extent of his power

THE END.

#### DISCIPLINE.

BY JOHN GOSSIP.

My heart knows not why it was once denied
To sing its sweetest song;
My soul knows not why doors which now stand
wide

wide
Were closed to it so long;
Each knows but this, it needed to be tried—
For suffering makes strong.

## SURE-SHOT SETH.

# The Boy Rifleman;

THE YOUNG PATRIOTS OF THE NORTH.

BY OLL COOMES, AUTHOR OF "IDAHO TOM," "RED ROB," "DA-KOTA DAN," "OLD DAN RACKBACK," ETC.

> CHAPTER XXIV. CLOSE QUARTERS INDEED.

VISHNIA waited not to learn whom her res cuers were, but wild with fear, she pushed off from the beach and sped toward the stronghold of her father upon the lake. But, after she had had a few moments for thought, and her mind had become somewhat composed, she felt a pang of regret for having acted so hastily in leaving her unknown friends without a word of thanks, after they had saved her. To remedy this, however, was now too late; and she was to remain in ignorance, for the time being, as to the persons who had befriended her.

Seth and Hooseah felt in no way aggrieved by the course she had pursued. In fact, it was just what they wanted, for no sooner was Hawk-Eyes free than he gave the alarm that brought a horde of the savages yelling to the water's edge. But, all they found was a comrade lying dead, his head cloven by a toma-

hawk The two scouts at once beat a hasty retreat thing in the water, as on the previous night. Some of them spattered against the log, some of the log, along the shore back toward their friends, whom they found in a fever of excitement and to Harris the discovery he had made respect-

"Good Lord bless you, boy!" the happy fa-er exclaimed, wringing Seth's hand. "It rether exclaimed, wringing Seth's hand. "It relieves my heart of an awful load to know that my child lives; but now, another fear rises in my mind—the fear that the madman on that craft may do her violence.

'Rest easy on that point, Mr. Harris," said Seth, "for I assure you no harm can befall her there; for she has for a companion as fair and lovely a girl as the sun ever shone upon. I heard her refuse to give Maggie to the savages to insure her own and her father's safety. Maggie is safe; but the mystery surrounding that raft has deeply enlisted my interest."

"Then you don't think the folks on that con sarn are crazy, do you, now?" asked Joyful

'Far from it; for, if the rest are to be judged by that maiden whom Hooseah tells me is Vishnia, the Maid of the Valley-she who rescued you at Rock Island, then they are suprior beings. By keeping in the vicinity of the lake we may be enabled to unravel the myste-It is true, our assistance may be needed at the Agency; but if by remaining here we can hold a score or two of Indians away from there, we will be rendering them a great service; so suppose we now seek some safe quarters and rest easy till morning?"

"Nuff said," exclaimed old Jim, "for I'm

bout bumfusticated." All readily acquiesced in Seth's suggestion when the party at once moved a mile southward and bivouaced on the margin of the Black Woods. Here they passed the night, and with the first streaks of dawn they were astir. Hooseah brained a deer with his tomahawk, shortly after daylight, which furnished hearty breakfast and an ample supply of food

for the needs of the day. Regaled by their brief sleep, and their meal of savory venison, the Boy Brigade felt vigorous, and anxious for the day's excitement to

Hooseah and young Tricks being deployed as scouts, the party started back toward the lake. They had proceeded but a short distance when firing was heard in advance, and the peculiar war-cry of Le Subtile Wolf warned the Bri-

gade that danger was near. In a moment every man and boy sought shelter, and the dozen red-skins in pursuit of Hooseah found themselves in an ambuscade of deadly enemies ere they were aware. A short, but desperate conflict ensued. The red-skins were routed, and but for the dense shadows of

the Black Woods, not a man of them would have escaped. Fierce and terrible the war-cry of the Boy Brigade was hurled after the foe, and wild and

demoniacal came the response from the enemy. The Brigade pressed on toward the lake, and at length came in sight of it. The first thing that met their view was the floating cabin of old Neptune. Smoke was curling from one of the little chimney-like boxes on the roof. The door opened, and all saw a lithe female figure, The

Doin up the housework," added Joyful Jim, with a strange smile.

'And yonder," said Mr. Harris, "you can see a horde of Indians preparing to embark in canoes from the east shore; and, I dare say they have designs upon the palace of old Nep-

"Neptune will defend himself, I'll guarantee," said Justin Gray. "1'll venture the assertion that he's surrounded with torpedoes."

Gaining a point where they could command a full view of the savages, the boys watched their operations with no little interest. And it was soon discovered that, in addition to the Harris," the young rifleman cried, as they ap-Luster during the night, a huge raft of logs was in course of construction. No less than a dozen logs were in the water already, lying at dozen logs were in the shore, and about three right-angles with the shore, and about three feet apart. Across the ends of these, a long pine stick of timber was placed and firmly at the fugitives; but they acted with such haste lashed to each cross-piece. Another log, but and excitement that no injury was sustained smaller in size, was lashed across the other by the whites. ends of the under logs, and then the raft seem-

it was rather a rude, yet effectual raft for hundred yards from shore, and moving quite the purpose intended, and our friends watched slow. the preparations for the attack upon Neptune with no little fear and doubt.

"If they succeed in getting within easy gun-shot of Neptune's raft, I am afraid they will be successful in their attempts," said Sure Shot. "However, we will walk around that"

"But we are between way and perhaps we'll get an opportunity to take the red rascals in the rear.

"And perhaps Niptoon," said old Jim, "will

"Ah, there goes the raft!" exclaimed young

True enough, the savages remaining on shore had pushed the raft away from the bank, and slowly and heavily the cumbersome affair drifted out, propelled by the feet of those in the

"Now, boys," said Seth, "let us hurry around there and do our best for the friends on the lake."

Away they glided like so many shadows. and soon came within range of the Indians watching upon the bank. Without a moment's delay they opened a deadly fire upon them. The savages at once sought shelter; but in such a position as to cover the operations of their friends on the lake.

The Boy Brigade was now in its element again. Concealed behind trees, logs and bushes, the fearless youths watched with eager, burning eyes for a glimpse of an enemy. They fought the Indians as Indians fight; and as the red-skins were laboring under the excitement of a surprise, they appeared resures of a surprise, they are the old man's vengeance had been the old man's vengeance ha

opinion you'll hear something 'drop.' That man has sent another of his infernal machines to intercept them savages.

A savage around the lake fired at the old man, but his bullet struck the water several rods short of its mark, skimmed along the surface and sunk near the floating cabin. risive laugh rung from the lips of the intend-

About this time a canoe containing a number of warriors put out from the northern shore; but they approached the raft in a rather cautious manner, their eyes searching every foot of the crystal depths before them.

Seth and Harris watched the raft closely for some minutes. Slowly and heavily it crept on rifle whose barrel glinted in the sunshine like

At times it seemed to stand still, and the patience of the watchers became sorely pressed; but at length they saw the log that protected the savages shoot suddenly into the air, followed by a perfect mountain of water. Then athwart the morning bur t an awful, pentup roar that fairly shook the earth. A perfect maelstrom appeared to engulf raft and sav-The waters of Lake Luster endeavored to leap from their bed, but fell back with a thundrous surge. Wave after wave rolled with a sullen crash against the shore, and recoiled with a rushing, seething roar. Both savages and raft were lost in the rush of waters; but when the water began to calm down, several of the dusky wretches were seen buffeting the waves in desperate attempts to reach the shore. Those that had started out in the canoe with the ostensible purpose of co-operating with the raft, tacked about and beat a hasty retreat.

Old Neptune stood in front of his floating cabin and regarded the whole with remarkable indifference; and as soon as the savages had all disappeared, two female figures issued from the cabin and stood by his side.

An exclamation of joy burst from the lips of Mr. Harris, for he saw that one of them was his own lost child, Maggie. Seth's heart, too, gave a great bound, but he kept back the

ords of joy and love that rose to his lips.

For a moment the father and lover watched the figures on the cabin porch, but suddenly the crash of rifles drew their attention aside, and when they looked out upon the lake again, the three forms had disappeared inside their de-

Rendered furious by their defeat upon the lake, the savages massed their forces and turned against their persistent foe, the Boy A sharp and vigorous firing was opened, though with what result neither party was enabled to determine, for the shadows of Indian canoe was standing directly between. the Black Woods were deep, almost, as a subdued twilight. It soon became evident, however, that the Indians were gradually working in behind the Brigade, with the intention of surrounding it, and Sure Shot Seth, seeing their danger, at once gave the sound for the

Brigade to scatter and seek safety in flight. Instantly, almost, he saw his friends gliding away; and taking the lead, he and Mr. Harris fled also. They started south, but had prodoor opened, and all saw a lithe female figure, with a vessel in her hand, trip out upon the with a vessel in her hand, trip out upon the surprise and horror, they beheld a dozen sav-

Shot Seth. Behind, the latter knew, the way was cut off, while the lake on the right completed the circle of danger menacing them.

They stopped and glanced around them. "What will we do?-where shall we go?"

asked Harris. Seth glanced out upon the lake. A few yards from the shore he beheld a large log one of the timbers of the savages' raft-floating on the water. Its presence seemed to suggest an idea to the youth, who, requesting his

companion to follow, started toward the lake.
"Secure your rifle and swim for that log,

In a few minutes more the latter had got in ends of the under logs, and then the raft seemed to have been completed. Between every two logs, two savages took their position, their bodies submerged in the water and their heads and shoulders concealed behind the large log lashed across the ends of the others.

"We must widen the distance between us and the shore, Mr. Harris," Seth said; "lay your hands upon the log, kick against the water, and let us swim and pull the log after us.

'But we are between two fires," said Harris "Suppose the man on the raft sends one of his infernal machines down upon us?"

'I apprehend no danger from that source. bring another of them double-geared, volcano contrapshins to mince the varlets into fishence the lake; and I think he will see the situation at once, and, knowing we are enemies "I hope so," said Harris, "but it seems as to the savages, will render us assistance. At though the devils were bound to have my poor any rate, I believe we had better attempt to reach the floating cabin."

"Just as you say, Seth," answered Harris.
They at once set the log in motion by swimming along backward and pulling it after them; and when fully under headway it required but little effort to keep moving.

Seth thrust his head up over the log and saw that not less than three-score of Indians had assembled on the beach; he saw that great excitement prevailed among them; and, at length, he saw a number, stripped to the waist, plunge into the water and swim toward them.

"Now, Harris, we must work," said Seth; "a number of the red demons are swimming

The clear, stinging report of a rifle rung ou Harris kept by the side of the fearless young borderman, Sure Shot Seth, and it was with a feeling of the deepest agony that he learned of their inability to prevent the advance of the raft upon the structure that sheltered his skild. of our hero. A shiver ran over the forms of each as they saw the mysterious old man raise the bereaved father, starting up as if to leap his weapon and aim it directly toward them. A puff of smoke was seen, then the report stung through the air.

Our friends both "ducked" their heads, for they heard the bullet whistle close to their ears;

ever, had been enabled to see that the savages swimming after them were not over fifty yards

The fugitives redoubled their efforts to escape, now that they felt encouraged by the attempt of old Neptune to come to their assist ance. The reports of his rifle now followed each other in such rapid succession that they were convinced he possessed a repea er, but when a double report finally pealed out, Seth turned and glanced toward the cabin to see who this second defender was. To his surprise he beheld the form of the lovely Vishnia, standing by her father's side, calmly reloading

"Ah, friend Harris!" exclaimed Seth, "we have another friend in the old hermit's daugh-

"We need all the friends we can get now, Sure Shot," said Harris, "for I am inclined to think we are in a narrow strait, or will be if the enemy overtake us in this water.

Yes, we are, by heavens!" cried the young borderman, glancing over their defense, "for here comes two logs, one behind the other, and both parallel with our own; and, I dare say, a dozen savages are behind each. I overtaken, it will be all day with us."

Work, men, work for your lives!" came a deep-toned voice from the cabin on the lakethe voice of old Neptune. 'Would to heaven he could get one of his

infernal machines down against them logs, "Our log would intercept it," said Seth, 'and the red demons know it well enough."

"Yoop! yoop! stiffen yer sinners, boys! Brace up, for here comes ole Joyful Jim to the rescue! Scat, ye red sulphurians, or another volcano will bu'st in yer midst!" The fugitives bent their eyes to the left and saw the old trader, Joyful Jim, coming rapidly toward them in a canoe. The Indians had opened fire upon him, with the hope of fright-

ening him back, but all to no purpose, for their bullets fell wide of the mark At the same instant, however, a deafening yell came from the northern shore of the lake. Six Indians had embarked in a canoe from that point, and each being provided with a

paddle, they bid fair to get between the cabin and our two friends in the water. Old Jim saw the danger and pulled with all his might for his friends, finally reaching them. He succeeded in getting them aboard, then turned toward the cabin of old Neptune. But,

to their surprise and horror, they saw that the "Gosh annihilate the lopin' devils! they've squared their festerin' karkases atwixt us and that cabin, and so we'll have to skin out for

other quarters." He turned and pulled toward the south shore. Seth took up old Jim's gun and opened fire on the savages in the canoe. Firing from the cabin had ceased, and both the old man and his daughter had sought the cover of their dom-

icile

as the latter discovered this, they came to a halt to watch the movements of the enemy.

The red-skins behind the logs soon came up

to the canoe. A short conference was held, when all headed for the cabin of old Neptune.

"Now, by the great horned frogs!' exclaimed Jim, "I s'pose you see what's in their mullet heads. I reckon as what you perceive what 'em rare flowers of Satan's propegation are gorin' to do, don't ye? Great walls of the temples! how I do wish a torpedo 'd bu'st under that canoe and spatter 'em red-skins all over the northern sky. Hoot! by jings! they're gorin' to have to fight for the cabin; the old man's opened his battery on the sweet-scented lark-

spurs."

True enough, old Neptune had opened a vigorous firing upon the red-skins from loop-holes in the side of his cabin. Two or three of those in the canoe tumbled lifeless in the lake, while the remainder sought safety behind the advancing logs.

said Seth, "we must not desert our unknown friends in the cabin.

"No; to be sure we must not," said Jim,

Seth and Harris' rifles had been rendered seeless by their long submersion, but the former took old Jim's rifle and opened a slow, but de structive fire upon the heads behind the moving logs. But the red-skins seemed determined in their efforts to capture the cabin of the old hermit of the lake. They pushed on—they soon came alongside the cabin. Then they swarmed up out of the water upon the plat-form in front of the door and upon the roof. The blows of tomahawks, the crash of rifles, the yells of vengeance and groans of agony

mingled in a horrible din. Old Jim pressed as close as he dare—so close that he was enabled to use his revolvers. The savages, stripped of every garment save their loin-cloths, climbed and wriggled up the steep smooth inclination of the cabin, like huge maggots, then slipping and tumbling back—some dead, some wounded, some unhurt—plunged

into the water. Puffs of smoke burst from the side of the cabin, followed by stunning reports. Streaks of blood ran down the side of the building and stained the crystal waters of the lake. But like so many ravenous wolves upon a helpless, wounded deer, the savages fought for admit-tance and the blood of the old man within.

But, suddenly, a wild cry of horror burst from every lip, and the savages sprung away from the cabin as if stung by scorpions.

Our three friends saw the cabin of old Neptune reel upon the water like a drunken thing, then to their amazement and horror saw it sink beneath the waves of Lake Luster with its helpless, imprisoned inmates!

#### CHAPTER XXV.

THE FACE BENEATH THE WATERS. A GROAN burst from the lips of Sure Shot Seth and old Jim, while a wail of the most heartrending agony escaped the lips of the settler, Mr. Harris, when they saw the cabin that contained their friends go down in the lake.

in the water.
"May Heaven smite their destroyers with

its most terrible vengeance!" moaned Seth, sick at heart. "Can't we help them?" cried Harris; "can

we not—"

"No, Harris," said old Jim, "we can do 'em no good. See, the red demons are 'bout to turn to'rds us. We must flee from, instead of

going closer to, the fiends." True enough; the savages, satisfied of having destroyed the cabin of old Neptune and its inmates, turned toward our three friends in the boat, flushed with their recent victory. A number of them had entered their cance, while the rest, getting hold of the logs that had afforded

them a bulwark in coming over, pushed out for Sure Shot Seth and his friends. Old Jim dipped the paddle and set the canoe in motion. Seth continued to load and fire upon the red-skins; while Harris, with a look the deepest agony upon his face, watched the spot where the cabin had gone down, and from whence the waves were still circling out ward, and hundreds of bubbles were boiling and

Every vestige of the cabin had disappeared beneath the lake save the four chimney tops; and of these, but a few inches were visible above the waves. There was no possible hope for the inmates of the cabin; and, sick and sorrowing at heart. Harris turned his back upon

the grave of his child. Old Jim sat silently plying the paddle, a strange smile—half-bitterness, half-joy—resting upon his face. They moved toward the south ern shore, pursued by the savages. The lat ter, however, relinquished their chase as soon as they came in gun-shot of the beach, for the rest of the Boy Brigade was there in sight,

ready to cover the landing of their friends. The red-skins withdrew to the eastern shore and in a few minutes Lake Luster was desert ed of every semblance of life. Even its shore seemed resigned to solitude.

Under cover of a clump of trees the Boy Brigade held a council, their hearts overshadowed by the disaster on the lake. "Why stay here now!" said Justin Gray

'since we can be of no avail to the inmates of the floating cabin?" "We owe the dead as well as the livin' a duty," said old Jim, thoughtfully, yet with a

strange smile upon his face. "Yes, it is a duty—a Christian duty we owe the dead to give them a Christian burial," de-

clared Sure Shot Seth Mr. Harris bowed his head and wept, too full of grief for utterance.

And so it was decided that they remain by the lake until the bodies could be rescued from their confinement, and interred. Seth and Harris hastened to put their gun

in condition for use, for an attack from the red skins was momentarily expected. Fortunate ly, however, they were disappointed. Not a red-skin was seen during the day; but that they were about, and busily engaged in concocting some trap to catch their enemies, the Brigade had not a single doubt; and so never permitted their vigilance to relax for a moment.

To remain inactive, however, was a persecu tion in itself to the little band of bordermen; and as the hours wore wearily on, proposition for some movement were presented by various persons. All were decided in the negative until Seth announced an adventure that would admit of no discussion: he proposed to go, himself, upon the lake, and examine the situation of the sunken cabin, leaving his friends ashore to cover his movements, should the savages make any demonstration against him.

No one could see any material danger in this, and so the young rifleman at once embarked in the canoe, still in their possession, for the scene of death. He used the paddle with remarkable skill, and sent the craft flying over the water. He was guided toward the right was smooth and tranquil, and shone like polished silver under the oblique rays of the de-

As the youth neared the spot where the craft went down, his heart almost ceased to beat, while a sense of indescribable horror stole over him. He realized more fully the bitterness of his heart's crushed hopes—the sad awakening of love's young dream. Nerving up, however, he paddled softly on toward the four chimneys now the monument to his sweetheart's watery grave.

He soon came within five feet of the chimneys, when he ceased paddling and permitted his boat to come to a rest. He gazed over the side of his craft into the water. Its liquid depths were clear as crystal. He could see the bottom of the lake, and the lower edge of the sunken cabin. He turned and looked over the other side of his boat. He started back with a cry of horror. Beneath him lay the cabin. There was a small glass window or skylight in the roof, and at this window, her hands clutched hold of the lower sill, her white, ghastly face uplifted with all the expression of terror that death could stamp thereon, he beheld Maggie Harris, standing erect, rigid and motion

#### CHAPTER XXVI.

SURE SHOT CAUGHT AT LAST.
"OH, Heaven!" burst from the youth's lips, as he beheld the face of his dead darling at the window of the sunken cabin. He turned his eyes away, unable to look upon the ghastly scene. But, he could not drive from his mind the ghastly face, the eyes that were staring wide open; the flowing locks of hair; and the

look of despair that he had seen at the window. For a moment or two he sat motionless, paralyzed. A shrill, quavering whistle rung upon his ear. He started—he recognized it as the warning of danger that belonged to the Boy Brigade's code of signals. He glanced around him, and, to his surprise and fear, beheld three canoes, loaded with savages, put out from different points around the lake and move rapidly toward him. Taking up his paddle he headed toward his friends, while two of the canoes bent their course to cut him off from shore. This, Seth knew, they would almost accomplish. considering their advantages, were it not for his friends, who would leave nothing undone to cover his retreat. But, scarcely had he considered this self-assuring fact, ere the report of firearms, mingled with yells and shouts, came from the direction in which he was going, telling him that the enemy had attacked the Brigade and that he could look for no succor from

What had promised a quiet, uninterrupted visit to the grave of his sweetheart, now threatened to be a dangerous adventure. With no one to keep the Indians back, he could not reach a landing-place before they came in rifle range. He knew by the rapid firing, and the fierce, savage yells in the woods, that his friends were being sorely pressed; and, as he had to depend wholly upon his own exertions for safety, he turned his boat and attempted to escape between the canoe to the south and that to the east of him. He worked as he never worked before. The perspiration poured from his face; the blood leaped in hot currents through his veins; and his nerves seemed strung to nerves of steel. The elastic blade in his hands bent like a bow; the canoe fairly leaped under each powerful stroke, and a white, frothy streak cross the lake defined the wake of the boat.

For a while, strong hope of escape encouraged the young rifleman in his almost superhuman efforts; but, in an instant, all was dashed to the earth, the paddle fell from his hands, and he sunk half lifeless in the canoe, a stream of hot blood spurting from his nostrils. Nature had been overdone. An artery had been ruptured, and what of life the hemorrhage left, was now in possession of his implacable foe, Hawk-Eyes, the Boy Chief. (To be continued—commenced in No. 353.)

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#### HIGH FLOWN.

BY JOE JOT. JR.

She occupies within my mind
A place much higher than a kite;
I love her longer than a rope,
And stronger than a calcium-light.

She's tenderer than a free-lunch steak, And gentle as fresh-dressed lamb; Her nose like my allowance—short, And she's as pensive as a clam. I love her like I love myself,
As sure as any shot from taw;
Her hair's too curly for a comb—
Her voice refers me to her pa.

Her lips they blossom like the nose; As red as flannel are her cheeks; A short-hand man could not describe The way they dimple when she speaks.

In any printing shop in town
You'd hunt in vain to find her type;
Put all the world into a sieve
You'd not sift out a girl so ripe.

In all dressmaking stores around You could not find her pattern, sir; She fills the very world to me Since I have made so much of her.

She's charitable unto the poor
As any poor-house in the State,
And has as many smiles for all
As you could pack into a crate.

As you could pack into a crace.
Her spirits always are as light
As any baker's loaf of bread;
And nothing heavier than a hat
Can ever rest upon her head.
I love her harder than boiled eggs,
And miss her like an evening meal;
An artist in the photo line
Could never picture how I feel.

Perhaps the hopes I have of her Are wilder than an untamed goose But if I knew her love was mine I'd feel much easier than old shoes

## A Little Game.

BY MARY REED CROWELL

"You understand me, now, Ernestine? You are to have no communication whatever with Mr. Harold Fayne, you are not to see him, or hear from him, or write to him-that is your break off this infatuation between you and him, you have come to spend the winter with

Miss Althea Laurelton put on her glasses and then peered over the top of them at the pretty girl sewing so composedly in the big sunny window, that you never would have thought she had been unfortunate in her love affairs, and sent down into the gloom of winter in the country for the express purpose of administer-

A bright-eyed, dimple-cheeked and petite little lady, with a lovely, fresh bloom on her cheeks, and a haughty little scarlet mouth that curled ever so slightly as she listened to Miss the fire. Althea; and yet she was severely "crossed in love," and that too, by her own mother, and not because Dr. Fayne was not socially and intellectually and morally her equal, but because he had not money enough to give Mrs. Laurelton's daughter as handsome a setting as the

owner of the jewel demanded.

And, Tunis Van Harten could! Tunis Van Harten, with his money-bags only equaled in their goodly fatness by his disagreeable conceitedness; with his many disagreeable qualities fully balanced by his stupendous ugliness.

And Mamma Laurelton had laid the case

very plainly before Ernestin "You shall never marry that young, blackmustached doctor with my consent, Ernestine, and I am free to admit that I believe you ar foolish enough to do it without, so I shall take good care you do not have the opportunity. I have written to your father's sister, and she has agreed to receive you and take good care

Ernestine had listened with her brave young heart sinking at the dismal prospect, but she was sensible, and she answered cheerfully without manifesting a sign of her real feelings.

'Very well, mamma, I will go to aunt Althea's whenever you wish, but I can assure you I never will give Dr. Fayne up."

in the quiet remark, but the lady would not

"You will either stay down there until you give him up, or agree to marry my friend Mr.

And on those conditions Ernestine went own in the sere, brown, frozen country, where

Miss Althea Laurelton was fully prepared and fully competent for the task of playing dragon to the independent, gracious-mannered young girl who had but one fault in the world -that of loving Dr. Fayne. 'I am astonished at you, Ernestine," Miss Althea said, this bright, sunshiny day, when

the snow laid on the country roads a deep, packed smoothness, and Ernestine felt more like flying out into the cold, keen air than sitting her everlasting sewing, for Mrs. Laurelton had given express orders that Ernestine should not spoil her hands with housework. "I am perfectly astonished at you, Ernes-

tiue! Harold Fayne has nothing in the world beyond his precarious income as a struggling doctor, while Mr. Van Hart-

"I will not listen to any praises of Mr. Van Harten, or any condemnations of Harry Fayne. He is grand and good and noble and gallant and true, and I love him! There!"

And Ernestine's blue eyes flashed as only bright blue eyes can snap, and Miss Althea

'I am going over in the one-horse sleigh to the village this afternoon, and if you wish you may go with me. Perhaps you'll be lonesome here until eight o'clock, with only Bridget in

No, Ernestine would not be lonesome, neither did she wish to go, and so Miss Laurelton drove herself in the little old-fashioned sleigh, thinking very seriously of the command she had laid on Bridget, that no gentleman be admitted during her absence, and wondering if the unnatural life Ernestine was leading had anything to do with the loss of color si ticed, and the occasional pain in her side Er-

nestine sometimes mentioned Miss Althea's half uneasy reverie was dissipated by her reaching one of the main points of her destination—the village post-office, where she received her weekly Examiner, and, quite to her surprise, a letter addressed in a bold, flaming hand to Ernestine, in her care, also a dirty, mussy-looking epistle for herself, if the address, "mis alThee lureltown," was supposed to mean her.

She put on her glasses deliberately, and looked intently at Ernestine's letter, as though it would have been a great comfort to have known what there was in it. But, for all her harshness, she was honorable, and, instead of ppening and reading the letter, as she might have so easily done, she tore it in pieces, then threw it in the stove in the post-office building.

You don't come any game over me, Doctor Fayne!" she said, apostrophizing the correctly-supposed author of the letter, and she smiled grimly to think what a conscientious dragon she was, in the performance of her duty to her poor deceased brother's misguided daugh-

Then, with a woman's natural curiosity, she set about reading the other letter-no easy task, for the handwriting was a marvel of difficulty to decipher, not to mention the decidedly original spelling of the words.

But she made it out, and learned from it that the writer, who signed no name, sympathized with her-Miss Althea-in the matter of her niece, and, as a specimen of their charity and sympathy, begged of Miss Althea to drive as fast as she could to a certain place indicated, where she would ascertain for herself, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that her niece's "young man" was not what he should be. And knowing the truth, the letter delicately insinuated, Miss Althea would be the better able to protect the young lady's interests, and be personally able to convince her of her lov-

So-Miss Althea decided to follow the advice of the letter, with a mental thanksgiving that she could at last be of real, practical service in the crusade against Doctor Favne.

"Whoever wrote it must be more of a friend than they're willing to admit," she thought, as Sorrel trotted along in the late afternoon toward the place indicated by the anonymous

Her thoughts ran eagerly on, far faster than the old horse's feet, and by the time Miss Al-thea thought she should be pretty near to some-thing, she was cold, and tired, and not a little cross; and freezing, and very stiff from sitting so long, and most undeniably ill-humored, when she suddenly discovered that the road she had taken according to the strictest directions of the letter, instead of bringing her to some retired den of iniquity, where thieves and gam blers congregated, or perhaps to a house where she would find out that Doctor Fayne was already a married man, or something equally positive—instead of any of these, the road came to a sudden stop by leading into a wide reaching, barren, snow-covered meadow, with not a chimney or a wall as far as she could see! Miss Althea stood up in the bottom of the

sleigh, gazing wrathfully around. "1've been sold—I—Miss Laurelton, of Clayville, regularly sold! And here I am, fifteen miles from home, and the sun going down, and a bitter cold frost in the air! Miss Ernestine,

you shall pay for this!"

Although what Ernestine had to do with it, she could not have told, only that the girl was the only safety valve available.

It was long after eight o'clock—long after

nine, when Miss Althea walked into her sittingroom, numb and purple with the intense cold. was charmingly warm and brilliantly lighted, and wore an air of delightful home comfort—but Ernestine was not sitting in the cushioned rocking chair that was drawn up to

'Bridget!" Miss Althea shouted, "has Er-

nestine gone to bed?"
Bridget answered in a wide-eyed surprise: 'Gone to bed, mem? And wasn't it yourself that sent afther her to meet yees down to the post-office in the village?"

Sent after her?" Miss Althea stared and grew hot and cold. Bridget returned the look with interest. "Sent after her?" she re-echoed.

came for her?" Her voice was faint, her face "Indeed, and I niver seen him afore, on'y it was a proper foine young felly with the black-est eyes and mustache that iver I see'd!"

Miss Althea gasped.
"Black eyes and black mustache! Good Lord, Bridget, what a fool you've been-he was the very one we've been guarding her from! And to think—in my very soul I be-

lieve it was a job between them to get me out of the way!' Bridget's eyes were like saucers. "Faix, an' was I to know a man what I'd niver lay'd me eyes on afore? Indade and how c'u'd I tell, and he a-ringin' at the dhure-bell as proper, and a-dhlivirin' of a missage from yees, biddin' Miss Airnistine to meet

yees at warnce on pertickeler business at the Miss Althea rocked and groaned and then fell in a limber mass against the chair cushion.
"To think he's taken her from under my very nose! Bridget Maloney-you shall an

And when, several weeks afterward. Dr. and Mrs. Fayne called on aunt Althea, assuring her she might conscientiously forgive them, since Mrs. Laurelton, mere, had done so Ernestine told Bridget she should never want

friends while she and the doctor lived. And Ernestine is happy as a bird—while if any one happens to mention anonymous letters she and her handsome doctor look suspiciously innocent and ignorant of such disgraceful pro-

## An Engineer's Story.

BY LUCILLE HOLLIS.

Are you all right, ma'am?" "All right, thank you.

The engineer jerked a cord that let loose horrible, long, shrill whistle, and moved a great steel bar at my side that I watched with awful suspicions of oil, and heartrending fears regarding my new peacock-blue silk. The grimyed fireman gave a few vicious tugs at the bell, pulled open the door of the furnace by a massive chain, and with much clatter ooked at the fire within until it showered out a cloud of blazing smoke, shoveled in some coal, clashed the door shut, and we were off. And all this happened in a mere trifle of the time it has taken to tell it.

I looked at my watch. It was seven o'clock and broad daylight, for the time was summer. Seven o'clock! and the wedding was at eight, and we had fifty miles to go! I suppose my face had an anxious look when I turned it to

ward the engineer, meeting his full gaze. "Oh! I'll get you there in time, ma'am; I'm bound to. We'll make the fifty miles in fifty minutes, and weddin's mostly never are on And the superintendent telegraphed

you'd be there. "Did he? That was nice of cousin John. I was so flurried I never thought of that." And I felt relieved, as I judiciously gave another tuck to my silken robes under my linen duster. As I did so, I received a dreadful jar that caused me to drop them again, and materially decreased my mental temperature. A realization was forced upon me of the frightful way in which we were the atmosphere within the engine grew so rap idly hotter and hotter that I caught myself doubting if the fireman and engineer were ever afraid to die-no matter how orthodoxly they

had been brought up. With desperate efforts I learned to maintain my center of gravity, though, as I gathered together again my breath and my robes, I clasped despairingly the window ledge beside my high seat. Presently, as one will grow accusomed to any situation, I became quite used to the frantic bounds of our madly-speeding con-

terest in my material surroundings. But to me, all unused to this novel and frightful way of traveling, the fleeting landscapes, and flying illages, were only productive of a decidedly unpleasant, dizzy sensation. As a purely sanitary measure, I was forced to make an attempt to obtain amusement within the engine. I fell back, for comfort, upon my sex's unfailng source of occupation, my tongue. "We are traveling at a terrible rate," said

I to the engineer. oitched my voice nearly loud enough for him o distinguish the words, called out:

were teaching a class in phonetics. "Are sand and stones!" you sure there is no danger?"

"Oh, no! none whatever, ma'am; this is a perfect engin'."

Yes," he said, brightening up, "I was an engineer here when the superintendent was only a little boy, the son of a conductor; but you see we don't often have a call to travel ike this, and I'm not likely to forget the first time I did it.

I saw by his looks that the reminiscence was pleasant one, and, to encourage him to con-terse, asked: "Why? did something happen?" Well, I reckon something did happen

said, emphatically, getting as near to me as the consistent performance of his duties would allow, evidently preparing for quite a talk. "I would like to hear about it." I shouted.

ympathetically. Well, ma'am, you see I was a young feller, then, only just promoted to be an engineer; an' there came an awful storm that lasted about three days. Everything went right along the road until the third day; when, late in the afternoon, they commenced to git worried in the office, because something was the matter with the wires. They couldn't git no essages; and an Eastern train, that had been due for half an hour, had not been heard from along our part of the line. It stormed awful! just as if it never meant to stop! The rain came down in bucketsful and the wind was

the thunder and lightnin' that commenced about dark. "Well, I didn't run no regular train yet. I was kinder kept around the yard, shifting cars and the like, and goin' out on specials; and as I was loafin' in my engin', thinkin' that I blessed my stars I hadn't to be on the road such a night, who should jump up in my box but the old superintendent himself, and a dreadful

blowin' a roarin' hurricane, to say nothing of

grave-face he had, too. "'Abe,' says he, 'do you think you could take engin' number four, the Lightning, and carry me down to Coon's Creek faster than you ever went before in your life?

'I reckon I could, sir,' says I. I felt kinder skeerish, but Jim Meigs, who always ran the Eastern express, had been a-teasin' me only that mornin', called me a 'play engineer,' and said I'd be frightened to death if I had to do any real work. Here's a chance, thought I, to show him. So I straightened up, and said more lively than ever, 'I reckon I could, sir.'
"'Very well,' said he; 'call Morris'—Morris was the fireman—'and I'll be with you in

two minutes.'
"'Well, sir,' said my companion, getting so excited that he quite forgot his passenger was of the sex that could wear new peacock silks.
"In five minutes we was just a-flyin' along that road like mad, with the storm howlin' all around us and the rain fairly sizzlin' down on

night come to some onlucky end VOII See the road wasn't no double-tracker, all the way, in those days; and often we had gone abo twenty miles, and passed two out-trains waitin' at stations for the delayed Eastern; we thought we might just as likely as not telescope into it anywhere along the track. And you see that wasn't a very cheerful thought with us travelin' at the rate of nearly a mile a minit.

The old superintendent, he said never a word; but he couldn't even smoke the segars he lighted, only kept bitin' the ends off and pitchin' of 'um away. And when we got down into Coon's county, in the long stretches of wood—we'll soon be a-passin' through 'em, ma'am—the wind was just a-tearin' at the trees, and made the limbs and shaders beat across the track, that even with the light of the engin' we couldn't always make out what they was; and a dozen times or so. Morris and

I looked at each other, a sort of good-by But, at last we flew out of the shaders, almost down by Coon's Creek. You see 'twas a dangerous sort of a place; first the creek, with a narrow bridge -and one track across it, and then a high bit of land through which the road had been cut with a sudden curve. Well, we was just a-sweepin' near enough to see that the creek was awfully swollen when Morris

"Good God! says he, 'there's a woman on the bridge

"I looked, and sure enough there she was: takin' careful steps from one plank to another, with the river a-rushin' beneath her and a roarin' so, I s'pose, that she couldn't 'a' heard the angel Gabriel's horn itself! for the old superintendent was a-pullin' at the whistle; but he went right on takin' those careful steps

'Abe,' says the superintendent, 'stop the engine! for Heaven's sake, stop the engine!

"'I can't, sir,' says I. 'It's too late;' and just then she saw the light of the engin', turned around, and threw up her arms! and there we were bearing down upon her-though Morris was slowing up the best he could.

Just then a sudden thought came to me. There wasn't but one chance in ten for the woman's life; and that chance I'd give her, for the sake of the mother and sister I loved at home. I sprung out on the engin' and down to the cow-catcher. The bridge, as I said afore. was narrow; and it hadn't so much as a plank of sidin'. I reached my place just in time; another minute and she would have been lost! -so young and pretty she was, too! came down upon her, she standin' there balanced on one of the logs, I gathered all my strength and flung her into the river. 'Good gracious!" cried I, wrought up to a

'I thought you were going to try to save her!' That's just what I'm a-tellin' you," said the engineer; then to the fireman: down your fire well. Yes, that's just what I'm a-tellin'. You see by the time we got

acro s the bridge we slowed up. 'Now, sir,' says I, to the superintendent, 'I'm a good swimmer. Can I go in after the girl?' "'Yes,' says he, 'and, Morris, you take a He is pulling away already."

veyance, and even commenced to take some in- lantern and go on ahead, along the track; and give me the other, and I'll see if I can help Abe, here, rescue the girl.' I just hopped right into Coon's Creek. I knew the current would bring her toward our bank, only a little lower down. And sure enough I found her, and got her out in no time; and, if you'll believe me, the plucky little thing was a-clingin' to an oil-can she had, and as soon as she opened er eyes, called out: 'I'm all right; take the oil, quick! quick!'

"'Take the oil for what? says I, thinkin' He saw that I had spoken, but as I had not she must be somethin' wrong in the head. But just then I saw Morris' lantern come rushing back along the track, like mad; and he a-"What is it, ma'am?"
screamin' to the superintendent, 'There's been a land-slide round in the cut; and the wires almost screamed, articulating each word as if

"'Yes, that's it,' said the girl, 'and the ex- nerveless hands. press hasn't come yet!' And then she closed her eyes as if she had done her duty and left "I suppose you are accustomed to it," I ventured, still trying to carry on the conversation, notwithstanding the disadvantage under which I was laboring. "Cousin John said you were one of the oldest engineers on the road."

I suppose you are accustomed to it," I ventured the rest with us. Well, 'the superintendent sent Morris round the other end of the cut with his lantern, and when the express came along, twenty minutes after, he succeeded in stoppin' her; for, you see, Jim Meigs was a-runnin' her kinder careful like words. her; for, you see, Jim Meigs was a-runnin' her kinder careful like, owin' to the damage done by the storm and her bein' so behindhand. there wasn't no muss; though likely there'd fer had been effected. The dead gondolier lay been a kind of a time if he'd sailed ever so in the palace of the traitor's boat, while the lightly into the cut, or if we had, either. course there was a good deal of delay, and I of those whom he hated. s'pose some of the people grumbled 'cause they didn't get nothin' to eat till next day. But there always will be some onreasonable folks glanced back now and then at the black gon-

'And the girl?" asked I, anxiously.

"Oh, she was all right, and folks made no end of a time over her. You see, she kept house for her father in a little cottage the other "I fear this man Montalfo means us harm." side of the creek; and he was taken with a pretty severe attack of rheumatism, and sent her to the nearest neighbor's, towards Coon's Corners, to get him some liniment; and she discovered the land-slide, and hurried home, and the old man, knowin' the express hadn't gone by, sent her back with oil to build a signal. 'Have you ever seen her since?" I asked,

greatly interested. The fireman grinned, and the engineer smiled at me patronizingly, as he answered:
"Yes, ma'am, I see her mostly every day,

You see she and I've been married these fifteen years. Ay! here we are at Coon's What!" said I, looking out upon the splen-

did iron bridge we were crossing. "This is Lynnwood river! and we're almost at Lynnwood," I added, with delight. 'Yes, ma'am; but this used to be called Coon's Creek; and Lynnwood was Coon's Corners. Here we are; and it's seven minutes of

eight, and I guess them's your folks a-wait-Stories of Chivalry.

THE BLACK GONDOLA.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

"Has it yet passed this spot, Faliero?" No. duke.

Watch you still, and, if it passes, follow. Do not report until you know who occupies it, for this night must find them out. Treason against the State, Faliero; and the dukedom if

Many thanks, most noble duke. Faliero Montalfo will obey.

The eyes of the speaker glittered while he talked; the promise of the long-coveted dukedom made his grasping heart beat rapidly. He was a handsome but cunning-looking man of two-and-thirty, a thorough Venetian, but one who was not admitted to the councils of the "Morris and I kept a sharp look-out, with He had traduced the State, for which crime, our hearts layin' pretty near our throats; for on account of his family connections he had we wasn't very sartain as to what minute we suffered but banishment; but he was again in anly and entrancing she had grown. the Island City, watched by the lynx-eved spies of State, and scorned by the lofty.

It was night, and the watery thoroughfares of Venice swarmed with gondolas. They flitted hither and thither like fireflies, now in the shadow of some lofty palace, now boldly out into the bewitching starlight.

The two gondolas lying side by side did not attract especial attention. No one dreamed that one of the loftiest of the senators was conversing with Faliero Montalfo, the disgraced nobleman. But such was the case. The erable man whose flowing white beard covared his breast, was the Duke Valve He was loyal to the State, but grasping and suspicious.

He occupied, with the tainted nobleman, the closely-curtained apartment on the gondola. tion recorded above. When the twain separated, the old senator retired to his own beautiful craft which was paddled away, and Faliero Montalfo was alone.

He does not promise like a traitor!" said to himself. "Give me back my dukedom, and I will make my name respected by the coward souls that heap insults upon memake me come forth like a thief in the night to breathe the pure air of my native city. see: for whom am I watching? for the black gondola. Last night I heard her voice beyond the curtains of its palace; last night I followed it to the steps of her ducal home and saw him lift her from the boat and kiss her good-night. It was for you, Vacie Valva, a duchess of this heaven city, that I became an exile; it was his oath that brought the condemnation of the council upon my head.

Seeing this, the traitor leap d upon his adversary, and hurled him headlong down the steps with a force that no man could resist. Now he kisses you; now he does as he pleases here, while I—I slink from the sun and am

Now he kisses you; now he does as he pleases here, while I—I slink from the sun and am

Now he kisses you; now he does as he pleases here, while I—I slink from the sun and am the chains; I snap my galling fetters to-night, of a fearless young knight. Nor had she graspand the hand of my foe nor the love of Vacie ed it too soon, for the maddened victor of the Valva shall longer stand between me and the freedom I have sworn to enjoy!"

The last word had scarcely seemed to possess a sound, when the exile's gondolier parted the curtains and whispered:

The black gondola, seignor. It passes to The master started and hastened to look out.

Sure enough; a long and somber-l craft was passing lazily to the right. The palace was heavily curtained, and the single gondolier who guided the boat looked like a darkrobed specter in the light of the stars.

'It is the black gondola!" the Venetian exclaimed, with a flashing of his dark eyes. "Pull alongside, Pedrez; but not near enough

as to excite suspicion The command was obeyed, and the once banished duke heard the confused murmur of The conversation was not distinguishable, but he arrived at the conclusion that the palace of the black gondola was tenanted by two persons. He discovered from the voices that one was Vacie Valva, the old senator's

"I must hear them!" he said, impatiently. "Pull closer, Pedrez." Nay, seignor, the gondolier is watchful.

child. Imagination did the rest.

"The fiends!" exclaimed Montalfo. "I can never recover my dukedom in this manner. Does the gondolier drink?"

I fancy he does, seignor. The exile disappeared for a moment. When he again exhibited himself to his gondolier, his

hand extended a bottle of wine. "Pull closer, Pedrez, and give this to the fellow!" he said. "Do not taste it yourself. I have better for you."

The gondolier took the wine with a merry twinkling of his eyes, and rowed to within a short distance of the black craft

In the minute that followed the wine ex changed hands, and the gondolier for whom it was intended held the bottle to his lips in a long and solid draught. Montalfo watched him with keen eyes; he saw the dark form sink back, saw the black paddles slip from the

Life had ended for the gondolier; the poi-

soned wine had done its infernal work!
"Quick, Pedrez!" cried the duke. "Pull closer! They suspect not. I will become their boatman.'

The gondolier stared at his master, who jerked his cap from his head and placed it upon his own. The boat shot alongside of the So dark craft, and a moment later the transgreatest villain in Venice steered the gondola

dola with its new gondolier.

Faliero Montalfo sat motionless in the seat

He should not have been permitted to return. I must guard against him. To-morrow I will insist upon his second banishment. Despite his nature, the new gondolier start-

ed, his face became deathly pale.
"Rather let him remain!" said a woman's voice. "The spies of state are upon his heels. I do not fear the traitor. If you think that his venom will not strike you, Garcia, do not both-

er with the Venetian snake." Then the conversation turned to other subjects, and the black gondola glided over the starlit water, while its gondolier listened to every word that dropped from the lips of those

within the palace. e splen'This is the curtains: "To the palace, Villo."

The traitor turned the prow of the boat and

struck out boldly. He displayed the eagerness of vengeauce in his strokes, as if he longed to reach a certain point for a dark purpose. heard Vacie's voice float starward in one of the sweetest of Italian songs; heard her courtly

lover applaud, and bit his pale lips all the time. The shadow of the white-bearded senator's palace did not fall upon the black gondola a moment too soon for the disgraced duke. He hailed the stately old pile of ancient masonry with unconcealed delight, and, as he approached the portals, guarded by great stone lions, he drew a shining stiletto ready for use.

Death's awful stillness seemed to hang over the palace, and the shadowed water. Vacie's song was hushed, and the lovers were convers ing in whispers. No gondolas were near, which fact told Montalfo that the aged senator had not returned from the secret session of the dreaded council. 'Is the way clear?" asked a voice, and the

handsome face of a young Venetian looked from the gondola's palace.

The prisoner answered with a nod, as the prow of the black craft touched the first step, and laid aside the oars.

Then the curtains parted and the inmates of the little structure came forth.
Faliero Montalfo started, when his eyes fell titled, though the inheritor of a ducal crown. upon the beautiful Venetian girl. He had not seen her for two long years of bitter banish-ment, and he was surprised to note how wom-

> She glanced at him, but did not discover the deceit which he had practiced, and permitted her escort to lead her toward the marble steps. Biting his nether lip till it bled, the go lier stepped aside to give the couple path; but Vacie's flowing sleeve brushed his arm, the wind blew one of her long curls into his face.

> It stung like the knout, though it scarcely touched his cheek. It sent a thrill of jealousy and revenge to his treacherous heart. He sprung forward, stiletto in hand, and, halting upon the gondola's prow, faced the as-

> "The time has come!" he exclaimed, darting a fierce look into the young nobleman's eyes, and the sentence still sounded when the lovers simultaneously ejaculated his name.

> State! 'Ay! the traducer of Venice by subornation!" he hissed, as, seeing Vacie's escort draw his sword, he hurled his dagger into the water and unsheathed his own slender blade.

The girl released her companion's arm, and the ring of steel spoke the signal of conflict Fierce and revengeful was the fighting of the prisoner; but his cooler adversary forced him

up the stone steps toward the massive lions. Vacie remained on the boat watching the combat, pale but hopeful, for she knew that her lover was the best swordsman in the State. All at once the battle changed. Garcia had

forced the traitor to the last step, up to the palace door; he could go no further

nted down by spies! But enough! I break ing at her feet, and seized it with the courage battle on the steps had reached the boat. He was upon her, a little confused by his coun de main, but revengeful all the same

"Now, my pretty bird!" he cried. "Now, my loving duchess The ring of steel interrupted his triumphant aculation; the white hands of Vacie Valva. the beautiful, thrust a sword against his breas and the next moment he fell waterward, with splashes of gore on his snowy vestments. He did not shriek, for the girl's stroke sealed

his lips, and he dropped into the starlit water which he dved with his blood Garcia, who had recovered from his defeat in time to see the fair girl gain her victory, assisted her up the steps and left her in the

shadow of the lions. After that night the black gondola no more glided over the Venetian waves. The discover er of its occupants would never more interrupt-

the course of true love, or traduce the State. By-and-by the Senator Valva became reconciled to Vacie's lover, and learned about the exile's sudden disappearance. I venture to say that the State breathed freer when it was announced in council that the disturber of public peace slept beneath the shimmering waters.

But the State was never made acquainted with the story of the black gondola.